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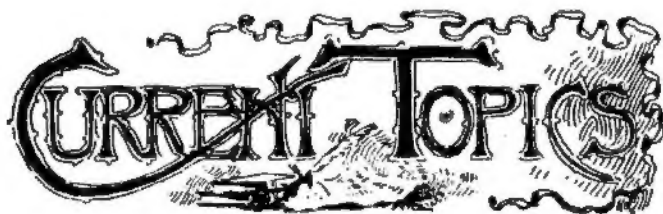
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73 St. James Street, Montreal.

GEORGE E. MACRAE, WESTERN AGENT,
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It is to be regretted that the negotiations that have for sometime been proceeding between the Governments of London and Washington have not resulted in a mutually satisfactory agreement. Perhaps, however, this outcome is not to be wondered at, as the proposal in the one case contained extreme pretensions, in the other, an unqualified rejection of these pretensions. There was on neither side any attempt at a solution of the problem by the suggestion of a *via media*. In fact, as far as Great Britain (or at least, as Canada) is concerned, it is not easy to imagine even the possibility of any concession to claims so preposterous as those of the United States touching Behring's Sea. That the exceptional jurisdiction over those waters as over a *mare clausum* or closed sea which has for four years past been insisted on at Washington was looked upon as *de jure* by the American authorities at the time and for many years after the purchase of Alaska we have no reason to believe. It seems to have been an afterthought, or rather the invention of later administrations, for the purpose of deterring alien sealers from the treasure islands of the company. The seizure of Canadian schooners in 1886 was the first hint that such a theory was entertained in earnest. In holding it, the United States Government is convicted of self-contradiction, for the Washington authorities declined to admit it in the case of Russia as emphatically and persistently as England. It is, of course, quite right that measures should be taken to protect the seals, as otherwise they would soon wane and disappear. But that should be done by international arrangement. Though the negotiations have been temporarily interrupted, there is no reason to conclude that they have finally failed. On the contrary, we may take it for granted that, after all, some progress has been made towards a better understanding, and that ere long this source of vexation will be removed by a settlement agreeable to both nations and fair to Canada.

At no time in England's long annals have the relations between the "Princes of the blood" and the subjects of the Sovereign been so happy as in the present reign. The glimpses that we have of the intercourse between the children of the royal house and the king's lieges in pro-Tudor centuries are, on the whole (notwithstanding some vivid pictures that have come down to us), too vague to be used for comparison. With Henry VII. began, in more senses than one, a new era. It was not, if we believe Mr. Hepworth Dixon, without firm faith in the power of names for good

or evil, that he called his eldest born after that Arthur who was the hero and almost the saint of his Celtic kinsmen. But the omen was not fulfilled. Arthur died prematurely, leaving behind him a legacy of trouble to the court and country. Contemporary pen portraits show him to have had a pale oval face, a pair of dreamy eyes, a delicate lip and mouth. Very different was he in most respects from his sturdy brother, the future king of many wives. The latter found from the first most favour with the people. His stalwart frame, his ruddy cheek and brusque, genial manner, made him in his youth the idol of the English common folk. Very different was the next prince, Henry's son, who is associated with the Prayer-book rather than the acclaim of the multitude. Even as king he never reached the age and stature of manhood.

The next two reigns were childless, and, like Arthur, King James's Henry pined away of a mysterious disease. Charles, who took his place as heir to the throne, had in his early years a flavour of romance. The princes, his children, we know best in tragic surroundings, and one of them was to test the loyalty of Englishmen and the ripeness of Cromwell's republic. Another of them tested England's patience and got the worst of the experiment. William and Mary gave the English people no prince to fondle and worship as the destined standard-bearer of the Revolution, and of Anne's little Hamlets we mainly know that they died young. But the Stuarts did not all at once pass from memory. For generations not the least popular of English princes lived beyond sea, with only rare appearances and abrupt exits. The House of Hanover grew but slowly in favour, even with anti-Jacobites. Not till the days of George III. did it become English, and even then Peter Pindar found occasion to satirize its foreign sympathies and habits.

Yet it was to a foreign prince that England was destined to be largely indebted for the reform of the English court and the training of the royal princes as Englishmen and patriots in the best sense. If we chose to institute comparisons between the present and the past, we might call attention to what has been perhaps as significant a revolution as any of those which Dr. Vaughan and other historians have so forcibly described. It is this marked change in the manners of the royal household and of the court which, in an age of pronounced radical tendencies, has shielded the throne of Queen Victoria from assault and enabled Her Majesty to "vanquish and overcome all her enemies."

Since the first meeting of the Royal Society in 1882 several of its members have passed away. The first gap in the membership was caused by the death of Mr. Geo. Barnston, who was, perhaps, the oldest of the original members. Then Dr. Todd, Mr. Murray, of the Geological Survey, Newfoundland, Mr. Oscar Dunn, Mr. Herbert Bayne, of the Royal Military College, Kingston, and Dr. Honeyman, of Halifax, disappeared from the ranks. During the last two or three years, Prof. Lyall, of Dalhousie University, Dr. Fortin, M.P., Mr. Dent, the historian, the Abbé Bois, and Professor Young, of Toronto, left their places vacant, and lastly the Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, one of the most zealous and active members of the Society, and one of the select few whom the Marquis of Lorne invited to assist in its organization, has gone to his grave, full of years and

honour. Mr. Chauveau was vice-president (Sir J. W. Dawson, whom he succeeded in 1883, being president) at the first two meetings. Besides his official addresses, he contributed largely to the Transactions, and his interest in the welfare of the Society remained unabated to the end.

Now is the time when the weary workers in city offices begin to dream of holidays in the woods, on the mountains or by the seaside. For those who would enjoy the stimulus of purest air, in sight of what is grandest and loveliest in nature, our own land has a wealth and variety of scene that may challenge comparison with the alien world's most famous attractions. To attempt any enumeration of these charming spots for the readers of this journal would be a task of supererogation. For nearly two years we have been respectfully trying to make Canada illustrated a delightful and profitable fact to all our *clientèle*. If they would choose a holiday home, they have only to consult our first three volumes and the back numbers of the fourth, now drawing to completion. From Baddeck, which Mr. Dudley Warner has immortalized, westward, through countless changes of landscape, quick, in many instances, with historic memories, to the shores where the great explorer, whose name they bear, landed just a century ago; and from the wonder of Niagara and the great sisterhood of lakes northward to the zone of frost, transformed for a brief season into a belt of summer, the seeker of scenery or rest, or sport, or the simple bliss of *dolce far niente* has ample field of choice—the St. Lawrence and the Saguenay, with Lake St. John, and beyond it the no longer mysterious Mistassini, and to the south all that the Intercolonial, the Grand Trunk and the Pacific brings almost to our doors—Champlain, Megantic, Moosehead, Gaspésie, the Land of Evangeline; westward—the Thousand Islands, with, to one side, the lovely Rideau Lakes, beyond, the Muskoka country and fish-abounding Nipissing, and farther, Lake Nipigon, a sportsman's paradise, and farther still, the vast West, with its mountain boundary, no barrier now, and Rocky Mountain Park, and all the grandeur of our own Columbia, with accommodation for a prince at every stage of the devious way. Certainly there is no reason why Canadians should expatriate themselves for the sake of either health or pleasure. Even a Sabbath day's journey (railway measurement) may do wonders in procuring relaxation and rest.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF CANADA.

The meeting of the Royal Society at Ottawa this week has brought out some gratifying evidence of the earnestness with which our *savants* and *littérateurs* have been labouring in various fields of research. The esteemed president, Abbé Casgrain, in addition to his address, which was worthy of his reputation, presented a paper of especial interest to Canadians engaged in pre-Columbian inquiries. The author of it, M. Alphonse Gagnon, passed in review the voyages which, according to the Sagas, the Norsemen undertook to the shores of North America in the tenth century—voyages to which we have had occasion to refer in previous issues of this journal. Mr. Gagnon concludes, with a number of writers, that the country in which they sojourned for a time and to which they gave the name of Vinland, was partly in Rhode Island, partly in Massachusetts. By a coincidence, Sir Daniel Wilson has fixed

upon the same events as the subject of a paper in the section of English literature and history, but he is led to a conclusion different from that which has satisfied Mr. Gagnon. He is in favour of assigning a locality in Nova Scotia as the site of Vinland the Good, instead of Rhode Island, first fixed upon by Rafn and generally adopted by American archæologists. The learned essayist showed, in support of his theory, a Nova Scotian inscription, which is said to be in Runic characters. As many of our readers are doubtless aware, Sir Daniel Wilson has been devoted to investigations of this kind for a great many years, and this very question is dealt with in his "Prehistoric Man," long recognized as a standard work both in Europe and America. Another paper, treating of early maritime exploration around the shores of this continent, and of our own heritage in it is that of the Rev. Dr. Patterson on the first attempts of the Portuguese to establish settlements in the New World. This paper is also of peculiar interest to the student of Canadian history, as Dr. Patterson has expended much pains on the quest of traces of the Portuguese adventurers on our own coasts.

In a no less interesting, and, to most people, a more practical department of inquiry, that of Comparative politics, Dr. Bourinot has for years been profitably engaged. His writings on constitutional history and parliamentary procedure have become more familiar than household words to most of our public men. In a series of studies presented to the Society he discusses our Canadian system of government as compared with that of England, with that of the United States, and with that of Switzerland. "I deal with politics," he says, "as understood by Aristotle—the science of government and not with the politics of the common parlance of these days." And as Aristotle compared the systems of his time with each other and with his own standard of excellence, so Dr. Bourinot applies the comparative method to the best fruit of constitutional development in our day, and shows how Canada has profited by the experience of both the past and the present, of the Old World and the New. "A constitution like that of Canada must," says the essayist, "be studied in the light that can be cast upon it, not only by a conscientious study of the institutions of Great Britain and the United States, but even by going to countries like Switzerland, where a complete system of federation has developed itself in the course of centuries, and is now being worked out under racial, religious and other conditions which are deeply interesting to us in Canada." Circumstances give to these studies of Dr. Bourinot a peculiar timeliness and value. In another branch of the same general class of research, we have papers from M. Faucher de Saint Maurice and M. Alphonse Lusignan—the former treating of the Blue Laws of Massachusetts, the latter of British legislation since the days of Elizabeth. Our own history has some zealous and successful students in the ranks of the Society. Abbé Verreau, M. Benjamin Sulte, Mr. J. M. LeMoine, M. Paul de Cazes and Mgr. Tanguay have all contributed towards the elucidation of points hitherto more or less obscure. Messrs. Verreau and De Cazes both deal with Jacques Cartier, and the learned Abbé has also something to say about the founder of Montreal. Mr. LeMoine clears up some passages in the administration of General James Murray, the first British Governor of

Canada, using for that purpose original documents, to which he was fortunate enough to have access. Mr. Sulte lets in light on the early life of M. de Callières, of whose family and youthful career our historians have left us in the dark. Mr. N. Legendre gives several studies in Literature and Social Science, as well as some characteristic poems. Dr. Fréchette tells the story of Chicago before the great fire of 1871. The Hon. Mr. Marchand gives a sketch of Parisian life in the early years of the Second Empire. Mr. LeMay is tuneful and witty in a comedy, Mr. Marmette gives some fragments of a romance, racy of the soil, and the Chevalier Baillargé shows how rich his language is in correspondences of sound.

In the realm of science the list of papers makes a veritable *embarras de richesse*. In philology the Society boasts of two masters of the aboriginal tongues—the Rev. Abbé Cuoq and Mr. Horatio Hale, M.A. The latter, we regret to learn, was unable to be present owing to an accident. M. Cuoq has presented a study in Algonquin grammar—a portion of a larger work which he is preparing for the press. Mr. Sandford Fleming, in his presidential address to the third section, discusses the unit measure of time—a theme with which no one is better qualified to deal. Dr. G. M. Dawson, president of the fourth section, traces the geological history of our Rocky Mountain region from the Triassic period to the close of the Tertiary, and, in a second paper, gives its Glacial history. "Tidal observations in Canadian waters—the present condition of the question," is the subject of Dr. A. Johnson's paper. He also presents a paper by his colleague, Dr. McLeod, on "Sunspots observed at McGill College since June 1, 1888." Mr. G. F. Matthew continues his valuable "Illustrations of the Fauna of the St. John Group," of which four parts have already been published in the Transactions. Dr. Bailey presents an interesting paper by Mr. W. F. Ganong on "Southern Invertebrates on the Shores of Acadia," and Mr. Whiteaves treats of the "Maritime Invertebrates of the River and Gulf of St. Lawrence."

Mr. Macfarlane has submitted papers on milk analysis, by Mr. F. T. Shutt, M.A., F.I.C., and on that of baking powder and cream of tartar, by Mr. A. McGill, M.A. Sir William Dawson read a paper on "Food Plants from the Similkameen River and other places in the southern interior of British Columbia"—the deposits affording which are described by Dr. G. M. Dawson in the Reports of the Geological Survey, which also contain a provisional list of the plants. The paper relates to additional collections of plants from the north fork of the river, etc., which strongly tend to confirm the Miocene age of the formation. Some new and remarkable forms of Brachiopoda and Mollusca collected by Mr. J. B. Tyrrell on the shores of Lakes Manitoba and Winnipegosis are described in a paper presented by Mr. Whiteaves. Mr. Charles Mair, author of "Tecumseth," and whom we are proud to number among our contributors, read an interesting paper on the American Bison, its habits, the methods of capturing it, and its economic use in the North-West, with reference to its threatened extinction and possible preservation. Mr. Mair's poem on the Last Bison in our first volume was one of the finest poems that we had the pleasure of publishing. The Abbé Laflamme presented a paper on the Stratigraphy of the Quebec Rock, Mr. Tyrrell (through Dr.

Dawson) another on the Foraminifera, etc., from the Cretaceous of Manitoba, and Profs. McGregor and Coleman, and Mr. Hoffman, papers on subjects in electricity and chemistry. In one of his papers Dr. McGregor shows the results obtained by using a new apparatus which he devised for measuring the resistance of electrotypes. The other is a study of certain sulphates with reference to their density. Prof. Coleman's paper (submitted by Mr. Hoffman) is on the "Drift Rocks of Central Ontario," and Mr. Hoffman's on "A peculiar form of metallic iron found in Huronian quartzite on the north shore of St. Joseph Island, Lake Huron."

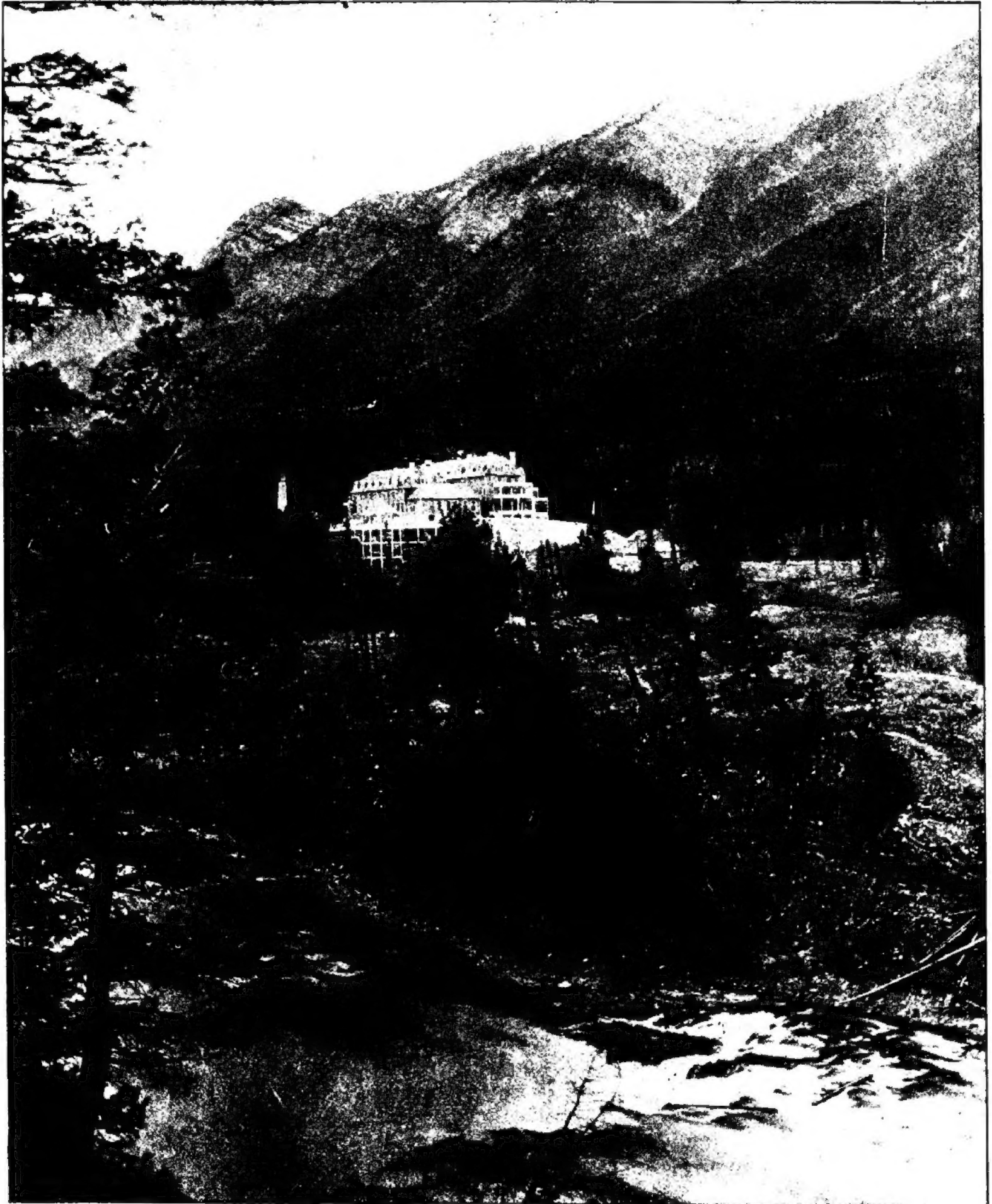
It will be seen from this survey, which covers the literary and scientific work of the sections as far as ascertained up to the time of going to press, that the members of the Society have not been idle. On the whole, the showing is as creditable as that of the average of learned bodies in the Mother Country or other parts of the world. The Royal Society is now in its ninth year of existence, and an examination of its Transactions will show that it has been anything but a failure, though, doubtless, like other institutions, it is susceptible of improvement.

THE FINDING OF MOSES.

In a collection of schoolboy essays published by a schoolmaster in *Longman's Magazine* we find the following new version of the childhood of Moses written by a lad of thirteen:—"It was not in England where all about little Moses happened, but in a place what the Bible says is Egypt. There is a big river called the Nile, runs right through the middle of it, which over-floes its bank every year regular. Likewise bullrushes and crocodiles." Then follows the account of the King's proclamation that all Hebrew boys should be cast into the river. "Now little baby boy Moses had a sister about sixteen, and a father and mother which was Jews. And Moses's mother couldn't abare to drown her little boy, so she made a cradle same as they used to make arks. Then she put her little baby in this here cradle, and carried it to the river, and put it on the water amongst some bullrushes so as it couldn't float down. And who do you think as it was that used to sit on the grass all day long watching as it didn't get loose? It was that there sister Mirium what I said he had. She was a very good young woman, and did not mind the cold grass, because she knew as she was in the right and that the King would be perhaps slain. This wicked King had a daughter, as you would think she was. She used to go out bathing same as boys, only she didn't swim. She only went in up to about her knees, and then used to put the water over her head, down her body, and then used to tell the other women and her father as she had been in. The women could not see how far she had been in, because of the bullrushes which we have seen on the wall. One morning she got undressed where Mirium was sitting on the grass, and she walked straight in up to her knees, to where the cradle was. When she saw him, she took him up to her arms, and run back to the bank shouting out as she had found a baby while she was swimming. The women all came round, and Mirium edged in among them. The lady was so pleased as she had got a baby, that she didn't get dressed till she had settled things. But it was not hers, because it was not brought. Only found. And Mirium said: 'Pharaoh's daughter, shall I go and find a nurse for you?' and if the lady didn't go and say yes straight off. Then Mirium ran way fast as you, and who do you think she fetched for a nurse? Moses's mother, as had had him brought to her. And Pharaoh's daughter said unto her, 'I will actshully give you wages for nursing this baby.' And so Moses's mother nursed her own little baby without laughing fear she should be found out and not get good wages."

GOLD IN THE PRAIRIES.

It is not generally known that gold is one of the products of the prairies, though washing for gold has been carried on on the North Saskatchewan river for years. The Edmonton *Bulletin* says:—"It is estimated that last season between \$15,000 and \$20,000 worth of gold dust was taken from the Saskatchewan, of which about \$6,000 was taken from the immediate vicinity of Fort Saskatchewan. Several hundred dollars also were taken from the Macleod river, a tributary of the Athabasca, about 125 miles west of Edmonton, on the trail to Jasper House. The gold of Macleod is in even lighter flakes and is of lighter yellow colour than the gold of the Saskatchewan. The skimmings of its bars are fairly rich, but it does not promise as permanent diggings as the Saskatchewan."



THE ROYAL VISIT.—BANFF HOTEL, FROM ACROSS THE BOW RIVER.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE ROYAL VISIT.—MOUNT STEPHEN, CANADIAN ROCKIES.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.—This illustrious lady, who is now visiting Canada with her husband, the Duke of Connaught, so long known to us as Prince Arthur, was formerly the Princess Louise Margaret of Prussia. She is the daughter of the late Prince Frederick Charles of Prussia, a valiant and skilful general, who distinguished himself in the Danish, Austrian and Franco-German wars. She was born on the 25th of July, 1860, and was married to the Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, third son and seventh child of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, on the 13th of March, 1879. Her Royal Highness is the mother of three children—the Princess Margaret, born January 19, 1882; Prince Arthur, born January 13, 1883, and the Princess Victoria Patricia, born March 17, 1886.

BANFF HOTEL, FROM ACROSS THE BOW RIVER.—This fine structure, in which already hundreds of invalids have found rest and recuperation, is situated in the midst of scenery which for grandeur and beauty is unsurpassed on this continent. The station of Banff is 4,500 feet above sea level. Arrived there, the tourist finds himself in the great Rocky Mountain Park and in the vicinity of the famous Hot Springs, which have given the locality such a reputation as a health resort. The Park, which is twenty-six miles in length, by ten in breadth, embraces portions of the valleys of the Bow, Spray and Cascade rivers, Devil's Lake and several of the most imposing mountain ranges. To the north is the huge bulk of Cascade Mountain; to the east, Inglismaldie, and the heights of the Fairholme sub range (behind which lies Devil's Lake) more than ten thousand feet high; to the left of the Cascade rises the wooded range of Squaw Mountain, beneath which lie the Vermillion lakes, while up the Bow, to the westward, tower the central heights of the main range about Simpson's Pass, prominent amid which is the solid crest of Mount Massive. Nearer, at the left, is the northern end of the Bourgeau range, having on the hither side Sulphur Mount, at whose base are the Hot Springs. The isolated bluff to the south is Tunnel Mountain, and just behind the station is Rundle Peak, which, rising sharply before the spectator, cuts off the view in that direction. The village of Banff, which is 919 miles west of Winnipeg, is about two miles from the station, and a fine steel bridge takes the carriage road across to the splendid hotel, seen in our engraving. The Falls of the Bow and the mouth of the rapid Spray are in the vicinity, and the sportsman can have his fill of fishing and shooting. Among the larger game are the bighorn or wild sheep of the mountains and the mountain goats, both of which animals and the modes of hunting them have been fully illustrated in previous numbers of this paper. Devil's Lake abounds in trout of unusual size, which afford capital sport in the way of trolling. The springs are at different elevations, but are all easily accessible by good roads. From points on these magnificent views can be obtained. Bathing houses have been erected, and other improvements have rendered the locality an admirable and convenient sanatorium. The hotel has every modern convenience, and even luxury, so that the sojourner in search of health, rest or pleasure, can be as comfortable both as to surroundings and attendance as he would be at New York, Boston, Montreal or Toronto. Those who try the effect of the springs have not, therefore, to undergo those sacrifices to which persons who seek for cure at nature's fountains of health have sometimes to submit.

MOUNT STEPHEN, CANADIAN ROCKIES.—This giant peak, named after Sir George Stephen, Bart., formerly president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, is some 8,000 feet above the adjacent valley. Near the station of the same name, there is a small body of water called Summit Lake, in which, as in a mirror, the surrounding eminences are reflected. The scenery at this point is, as may be imagined, exceedingly grand. The line of the railway descends, passing, at Hector Station, Lake Wapta, and crossing the deep gorge of the Wapta or Kicking Horse river, a little beyond. The railway clings to the mountain-side on the left, while the valley on the right rapidly deepens till the river appears like a gleaming thread a thousand feet below. Mount Stephen, with its dome-like head, and the spires of Cathedral Mountain are seen occasionally above the treetops. On the shoulder of Mount Stephen is a shining green glacier, 800 feet in thickness, which slowly presses forward over a tremendous vertical cliff. For a time it is lost to view as the cars pass into a tunnel, but as they emerge, the great dome and spires, with their wonders of shape and colouring, once more come into sight. It is a scene which, once beheld, is never forgotten.

BOSS HILL FARM, VIRDEN, MANITOBA.—The handsome and flourishing town of Virden is not far from the bound-

dary line between Manitoba and Assiniboia. It is the market town of an important agricultural district, to which Professors Fream, Tanner and other English experts have called particular attention in their reports on the North-West. The soil for miles around is remarkably rich—in many places, a fine black loam, with sand or clay sub-soil. The yield of agricultural products corresponds in quantity and quality. Mixed farming has, however, been growing in favour here as at other parts of the North-West, and much care has been devoted to the raising of horses, cattle and sheep. The improvement of the breeds has also received much attention from the wealthier farmers. Some of them make a specialty of rearing first-class horses, for which they have all the necessary appliances. The stables attached to some of these homesteads would, indeed, compare with the best of such structures in older communities. The Virden district has for years excelled in this branch of stock-raising, and some of its most marked successes have been associated with the Boss Hill Farm.

THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.—This is an engraving of a painting by Mr. J. W. L. Forster, which has been the subject of a good deal of controversy among artists and critics of art. The picture is spoken of as a piece of artistic daring in that it sets aside the usually accepted canons of art in composition both in lines, light and colour. For instance, in the composition of a picture there is supposed to be a focal centre for colours when they approach the primaries; but



THE RIVAL SCHOOLS, by J. W. L. Forster, A.R.C.A.
From the painting refused admission to the recent exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)

here the artist has distributed instead of localizing his colour, with the result of a sparkling and bright harmony. And in the arrangement of light, instead of centralizing it, he has made the sky, as in nature, a strong, clear mass of light, and has left the figures to take care of themselves. Few would dare to do this, especially as the figures give the text for the picture. There is a wall flung right across the picture to prevent any trick of distance. It is crisply painted, with creepers and foliage in bright sunlight, so that the "Rival Schools" must pass each other on the sidewalk in front of the wall. This they do without crowding. In painting the figures in almost full light, he has given us one of the most thorough examples of "value" study, and in as difficult a passage, as it has ever been our privilege to see. But the greatest interest to the public will be in the variety of characters shown in the grouping. The directresses are specially to be noticed in the types. The principal figure is evidently a member of one of those continental, aristocratic families, who, being forced by depleted fortune, seeks a home and livelihood teaching languages in a young ladies' academy. Her icy hauteur of manner as she meets, without seeing, her competitor, is well expressed. It may be of interest to some of our readers to know that Mr. Forster's portrait of M. Pasteur Hocart has lately been accepted at the Paris salon.

CANNINGTON MANOR, ASSINIBOIA, N.W.T.—Cannington Manor, the subject of this illustration, is a village picturesquely situated close under the lee of the Moose Mountain, and forty miles in a south-westerly direction from Moosomin, on the C.P.R. main line. The settlement, which was organized by the late Captain Pearce, in 1880, consists mainly of English families of more or less means, and the substantial, and (for this country) even palatial, stone buildings which are thickly scattered over the whole neighbourhood, testify to the confidence which the settlers have in the future of the country. The land is of a park-like appearance, being thickly dotted with bluffs, while the fine pasture affords the best of grazing for the numerous and well-bred stock, to the raising of which most attention is at present paid. Some few of the settlers have already sunk considerable capital in improvements on their farms, and express every satisfaction at their prospects. Fuel is abundant in the mountain and practically inexhaustible, while there is every hope of a railway being pushed through the district at no distant date. The Moose Mountain Trading Co., who control the trade of the surrounding country for a radius of forty miles, also own the Roller Mill, which turns out the finest quality of flour at the rate of 150 lbs. per day.

THE LATE F. D. BLACK, ESQ., CITY TREASURER OF MONTREAL.—Mr. F. D. Black, whose recent death was a cause of regret to a large number of personal friends as well as to the community whose interests he had served for so many years, was born at Chambly, in this province, on the 22nd of January, 1825. On the death of his mother he went to live with his uncle, Mr. James Fitzgibbon, of the Royal Engineers, who was then employed upon the construction of the Rideau Canal. His education was obtained in Montreal at the school conducted by Rev. E. Black. When sixteen years of age he entered the service of Messrs. H. & S. Jones at Kingston, and after remaining there for some years, he was transferred to their house in Brockville. In 1850 he came to Montreal in the service of the same firm, in whose employ he remained until its disbandment, when he entered the office of the Allan line. He left this position to go into business for himself, but as it did not prove lucrative, he abandoned it, and in 1865 accepted the position of City Treasurer. When in Kingston he married Miss Eliza Boyd, a daughter of the late Surgeon Boyd, R.N., by whom he had three sons and four daughters. Transatlantic voyages always had an injurious effect upon Mr. Black's health. He suffered on his last trip in connection with the civic loan, and had really never enjoyed ordinary health since. The announcement of his death, on the 16th inst., was, nevertheless, a surprise to many as it was a source of grief to all who knew him. On the following day the city officials met in the office of the City Clerk, Mr. Glackmeyer, and under the presidency of the latter, passed resolutions expressive of their sorrow at the loss which the city had sustained and of appreciation of the zeal and ability which their deceased colleague had always shown in the discharge of his responsible duties. They also presented their sincere condolence to Mr. Black's widow and family. On Tuesday, the 20th inst., the members of the Corporation, the city officials and representatives of all classes of the community paid the last tribute of respect to the late Treasurer. The funeral took place from the residence of the family, 1199 Dorchester street, to the Church of St. James the Apostle, of which Mr. Black had been Church Warden, where the burial service was conducted by Rev. Canon Ellegood, the Rev. G. Osborne Troop, and the Rev. Canon Mulock. At the close of the service, made more impressive by the strains of the Dead March, played by the organist, Mr. Harriss, the procession reformed and moved reverently towards Mount Royal Cemetery. The chief mourners were Messrs. Edward B., James F., and Howard D. Black, sons of the deceased; Ronald E. and Douglas S., his two little grandsons; M. Flannigan, City Clerk of Kingston, his brother-in-law; C. H. Levin, his son-in-law; Major W. M. Drennan, Mayor of Kingston, and H. B. Jagoe, nephews; W. and E. O'Brien, grand-nephews; D. A. O'Sullivan, Q.C., D.C.L., Toronto; Lewis Grant, G. Hutchison, Charles Grant, B. Levin, Sr., John S. Hall, Sr., and John S. Hall, Jr., Q.C.

MR. FRANK MCCULLOCH, LATE SUB-CHIEF OF THE MONTREAL FIRE BRIGADE.—To many of our Montreal readers—those of the fire insurance and business classes, and the civic officials, more especially—the features of this portrait will be familiar. The late Mr. McCulloch had been engaged in the work of waging war with the dread enemy, from whose ravages Montreal has suffered so much, for nearly half a century. He joined the Queen volunteer company as a private in December, 1849, and did good service until the dismissal of the company, when he was appointed foreman of the Hero station. There he remained for some years, being afterwards shifted to the Union station on St. Catherine street, where he resided as foreman until he was appointed sub-chief about the year 1887. Brave and fearless throughout his career, he has been in danger of his life upon several occasions. Many years ago, during the construction of the Central station, he was nearly

burned to death by some burning boards falling on his head and severely injuring him. On another occasion he fell off the roof of a burning house on old St. Joseph street, injuring his leg. Twice was he thrown from reels, once at the corner of St. Paul and McGill streets, when he broke some of the bones of his wrist, and again on Ann street, when his vehicle was upset by a piece of timber in the roadway and he received injuries to his shoulders, being picked up insensible. But it was not in battle with his life-long foe that he was destined to fall. On Sunday morning, the 18th inst., Mr. McCulloch was preparing, as was his custom, to go to St. Stephen's church, when he complained to his wife of feeling unwell. She gave him some water in the hope of helping him; but this proving of no avail, she rushed down stairs to summon her younger son to fetch a doctor, leaving her husband sitting upon the sofa. When she returned a few moments later he was lying face foremost upon the floor. She raised him up, but all was in vain. The spirit had fled and a brave life had ended. The news caused wide and sincere sorrow among the many friends and acquaintances of the deceased chief. A special meeting of the Firemen's Benevolent Association was held, Chief Benoit, the president, in the chair, at which resolutions of sympathy were passed to the widow and family of the late chief, and it was decided that the men should wear mourning for a month as a token of respect for his memory. At the evening services in St. Stephen's Church, which Mr. McCulloch was in the habit of attending, his sudden death was referred to in touching terms by Archdeacon Evans, who also preached on the subject the following Sunday. At an inquest held by Coroner Jones a verdict was rendered that Mr. McCulloch's death was due to aneurism of the heart, resulting from an accident in September last, which lacerated the larger cardiac blood vessels. On the 21st inst. the funeral took place, the cortege, one of the largest ever seen in Montreal, leaving the residence of the family on Wellington street at half past two, and proceeding to St. Stephen's Church, where the Venerable Archdeacon Evans (the rector), assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Dixon and Walker, read the impressive burial service of the Anglican Church. The Archdeacon also made suitable reference to the career of Mr. McCulloch as a good fireman, a good Christian and an exemplary citizen. The cortege then reformed to proceed to the cemetery. It was led by a posse of police fifty strong, under command of Sub-Chief Lacey and four sergeants. The firemen and policemen of outside municipalities followed, leading the Grand Trunk and Canadian Pacific Railway brigades. The old volunteer firemen of Montreal followed, under command of Lieut.-Col. Fletcher, C.M.G. Among those in the ranks were Messrs. J. Allan, J. Conroy, R. Booth, W. Cunningham, W. Wilson, John Hasley, A. Campbell, S. Mason, W. Atchison (also representing the Canadian Rubber Works' brigade), Thomas H. Waddell, Johnson Cairns, R. Irwin, ex-Ald. Hood, Perrigo, McNaughton, J. Krib, J. A. Matthewson, J. T. Barlow, J. Hudson, R. Nicholson, P. Wethey, P. Lahey, J. Holiday, Geo. Barrington, James Scott, T. H. Brown, H. Verner, R. Tobin, E. Heiland, R. Boyd, Alfred Perry, C. Alexander, H. Lyman, Thomas May, W. Peacock, and others. Following were the ex-members of the brigade, about thirty strong. The Victoria Rifles band came next, playing the "Dead March in Saul" with muffled drums and with the drum major walking in the rear. A hundred of the Fire Brigade, in full dress, with brass helmets, with Chief Benoit and Sub-Chiefs Naud and Jackson, immediately preceded the catafalque on which the coffin rested. It was No. 4 salvage waggon, on which the deceased rode to his last fire, and was drawn by four black horses draped in black, and decorated with wreaths of anilax, floral offerings, axes, hose nozzles and keys. On the top of the coffin were the deceased's helmet and belt, a floral bell with the inscription "1849-1890," and a Union Jack. The floral offerings were numerous and beautiful. The Fire Committee sent three very handsome floral offerings. One was a pillow, on which were the words "Assistant Chief; At Rest; M.F.D." Another was in the shape of a large bell with "1849" and "1890" in large figures. The former was the year in which deceased became a fireman. The third bore the words "Hope; Our Comrade." Chief Benoit sent an anchor with the words "Assistant Chief." Sub-Chiefs Jackson and Naud's wreaths simply bore the word "Confere." The ladies of St. Stephen's church sent a star; the Underwriters' Association, a large wreath; Mr. Alfred Perry, a wreath; Mr. Briggs, Maltese cross; Logan's park greenhouse, a cross; Archdeacon Evans's son, a cross; No. 1 station, broken wheel and trumpet; No. 2, wreath; No. 3, "Our Late Sub-Chief" on a wreath; No. 4, a large cross; No. 4, his original station, sent a most artistic emblem in the shape of a heart bearing the words "Box 421, Last Alarm;" No. 10 a heart; Mount Royal Park, Maltese cross; Captain Mitchell, No. 12, a cluster of lilies; Captain Beckingham, a bouquet, etc. The flowers composing the designs were roses, lilies of the valley, carnations, Bermuda lilies, calla lilies, orchids and maidenhair fern. Following the coffin were the deceased's horse and cart, carrying the many floral offerings which could not be placed on the coffin. The chief mourners were the two sons of the deceased, William and Albert, Mr. Hatton and Mr. W. Mann, sons-in-law, W., F., Arthur and J. Mann, grandsons.

Mr. HENRY LYMAN.—In pursuance of our plan of forming a portrait gallery of representative citizens, we present in this issue a likeness of Mr. Henry Lyman, so long and so well known in connection with civic affairs as well as in business life. Mr. Lyman was born in the town of Derby, Vermont, in 1813, the youngest of nine children (seven sons

and two daughters), of whom he is the sole survivor. The family having moved into Montreal, Mr. Lyman began his business life in the firm of Hedge & Lyman in 1829. About the year 1835 Mr. Lyman joined a volunteer fire company, called "The Property Protecting Fire Company"—Captain, John Luskin, confectioner, Notre Dame street. In 1836 the firm of William Lyman & Co. was formed, consisting of William Lyman, Benjamin Lyman and Henry Lyman, successors to Hedge and Lyman. About the same period they opened an important branch of this house in the city of Toronto, which is still in successful operation as Lyman Brothers & Co. In 1837, the political atmosphere exhibiting signs of disturbance of a serious nature, Mr. Lyman joined the "Montreal Rifle Corps," under the command of the late Lieut.-Colonel Griffin, and was present at the engagement with the insurgents at St. Eustache in December of that year, the forces being under the personal command of General Sir John Colborne, afterward known as Lord Seaton. Having attained to the rank of captain, his military career was interrupted by the disbandment of the corps in 1850, the last commanding officer being the late Lieut.-Col. Breckanridge. Prior to this date he assisted in the formation of the "Union Fire Engine Company," which became the nucleus of the Montreal Fire Department. In 1851 Mr. Lyman was a member of the Canadian Committee of the Great London Exhibition, and holds the medal "For Services." In 1854 Mr. Lyman was elected to represent the West Ward in the City Council, and served in that capacity for a period of twelve years, retiring in 1870. As chairman of the Fire Committee of the City Council, in 1863, he was instrumental in the establishment of the Electric Fire Alarm Telegraph, the first in the Dominion and in the British Empire. In this connection it would be interesting to have an estimate of how much has been the saving to our citizens, by this improvement, in the reduction of insurance rates alone, not to speak of the immense saving of property, in these last twenty-seven years. Nor was the improvement easily achieved, Mr. Lyman having to meet and overcome considerable and even bitter opposition to his measure. During the progress of the late United States civil war, the incident known as "The Trent Difficulty" occurred, upon which occasion Mr. Lyman resumed military service and organized the 8th Company of the Royal Light Infantry, under the command of the late Col. Routh, of this city, and turned out with his company in the defence of the frontier at Hemmingford in 1866, retiring from active service with the rank of Major the following year. Mr. Lyman was elected vice-president of the Montreal Board of Trade 1863-1864, and as such represented it in the Harbour Commission. He was chosen director of the Citizens' Insurance Company of Canada in 1867, and was president of the Board of Trade during 1878 and 1879. He was chosen president of the Citizens' Insurance Company in succession to the late Sir Hugh Allan in 1871, which position he held for eight years, the company making marked and steady progress during this period. He, having been one of the founders and promoters of the Pharmaceutical Association of the Province of Quebec and College of Pharmacy, was chosen president of the former in the year 1881. In 1889 he retired from the Board of the Citizens' Insurance Company, and for the most part has since then retired practically from participation in public affairs, retaining his active connection with his firms in Montreal and Toronto.

*The engine-house of this company on the Hay Market (Victoria Square), is well remembered by most of our citizens over middle age.

OUR CANADIAN INDUSTRIES.

VI.

LYMAN, SONS & CO.'S DRUG WAREHOUSE.

As our readers have noticed, we have from time to time been illustrating the leading industrial establishments of the country.

Though an ordinary importing business is perhaps not to be classed as an industry, strictly speaking, yet the term may be used with perfect fitness when applied to the drug business.

No doubt in this country the business consisted originally in the mere importation and distribution of foreign productions; but a change soon came about. Naturally, and almost of necessity, the the wholesale, and even the retail, druggist (to a certain extent) became a manufacturer.

The firm whose premises we illustrate to-day has had just that experience; and, as the oldest house in the Dominion in their line of business, may be considered as a fair representative of the trade.

Going back to the date of the foundation of the business by Wadsworth & Lyman in the beginning of the century, we find a very different time and a very different city. Our readers will not need to be reminded that Montreal in the year 1800 was still a fortified city, with its wall of fifteen feet in height, narrowing to a width of three feet at the top; that Custom House square was still the "Place de Marché"; the tide of fashion set eastward rather than westward, for the houses of "the nobility and gentry" were clustered around Citadel

Hill, and deer grazed in the park of that far distant country seat—Beaver Hall.

The population of this mediaeval little British-French town was only about 22,000 to 23,000, and the government of the city was in the hands of magistrates, who were certainly much more economical than their successors in the City Council.

But "tempora mutantur"; the city has outgrown its old bounds, new conditions call for new arrangements, and in this there is an evident and natural relation between public and private affairs. In this way the business which we are illustrating shared to some extent in the advance and growth going on all around it. Its experience has not been that of unbroken prosperity. Like the city, and even the country itself, it has had its share of difficulties and trials; but it must be a satisfaction to its esteemed head that he can look back over a business career of more than sixty years with the consciousness that the good name of his house is unquestioned.

Established as a retail business by Messrs. Wadsworth & Lyman in the year 1800, and passing through several changes in the personnel of the firm, it became a wholesale business as early as the year 1829. Twenty-two years after this a paint and oil and drug-grinding mill was added to the business, and the firm became large exporters of cattle food to Great Britain. But as the tendency of business for some years has been the development of specialties, the seed-crushing business was given up in 1887.

The year following this change the business suffered from a disastrous fire, the warehouse being completely gutted and a large stock destroyed. Those interested in the drug trade are aware of the enterprise and determination with which this veteran firm set to work to retrieve its misfortune, with the result that it has to-day one of the best appointed establishments in the country; special attention having been given to safety from fire.

Turning now to the views—No. 2, the St. Paul street front, shows the three buildings which are comprised in the establishment, the main building having the Heyward (London, Eng.) pavement lights, which have changed what was a dark cellar into an excellent room for storage of oils, etc.

No. 3 is the general office, comfortable, roomy and well-lighted; and No. 4 is the surgical instrument department, which has been a feature in this business since the earlier days.

No. 1 is known as the druggists' sundries department, occupying the whole of the first floor up, and containing those thousand and one articles which give to the retail stores so attractive an appearance.

No. 5, which also comprises the whole of one flat, is the order room, in which the orders are put up at the "wet" and "dry" counters. A noteworthy feature in this department is the substitution of hardwood storage bins instead of the old stock barrels.

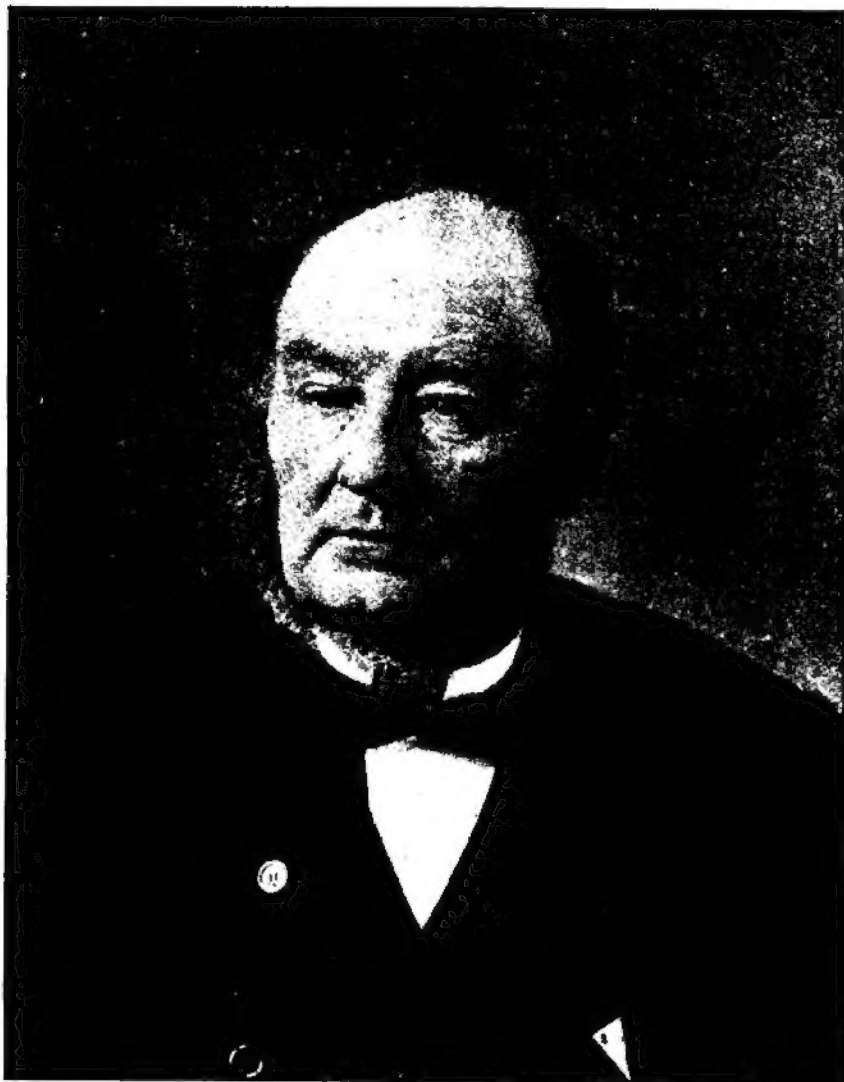
No. 6 is the percolating room of the laboratory, with ample appliances for the preparation of the fluid extracts, tinctures, etc., so necessary in pharmacy and medical practice. This department is under the management of Prof. Jos. Bemrose, F.I.C., F.C.S., &c., &c.

The head of the firm is Mr. Henry Lyman, whose portrait we give on another page, as also a brief sketch of his career.

Of the junior members of the firm the senior is Mr. Roswell C. Lyman, son of Mr. Henry Lyman, who entered the business in 1868, and was admitted as a partner to the then firm of Lymans, Clare & Co. in 1878.

The second junior is Mr. Henry Herbert Lyman, also a son of Mr. Henry Lyman, a graduate (M.A.) of McGill University, who entered the business in 1877 and the firm in 1885. Mr. H. H. Lyman is well known in military circles in connection with the 5th Royal Scots of Canada (formerly the 5th Royal Light Infantry), of which crack corps he is the senior major.

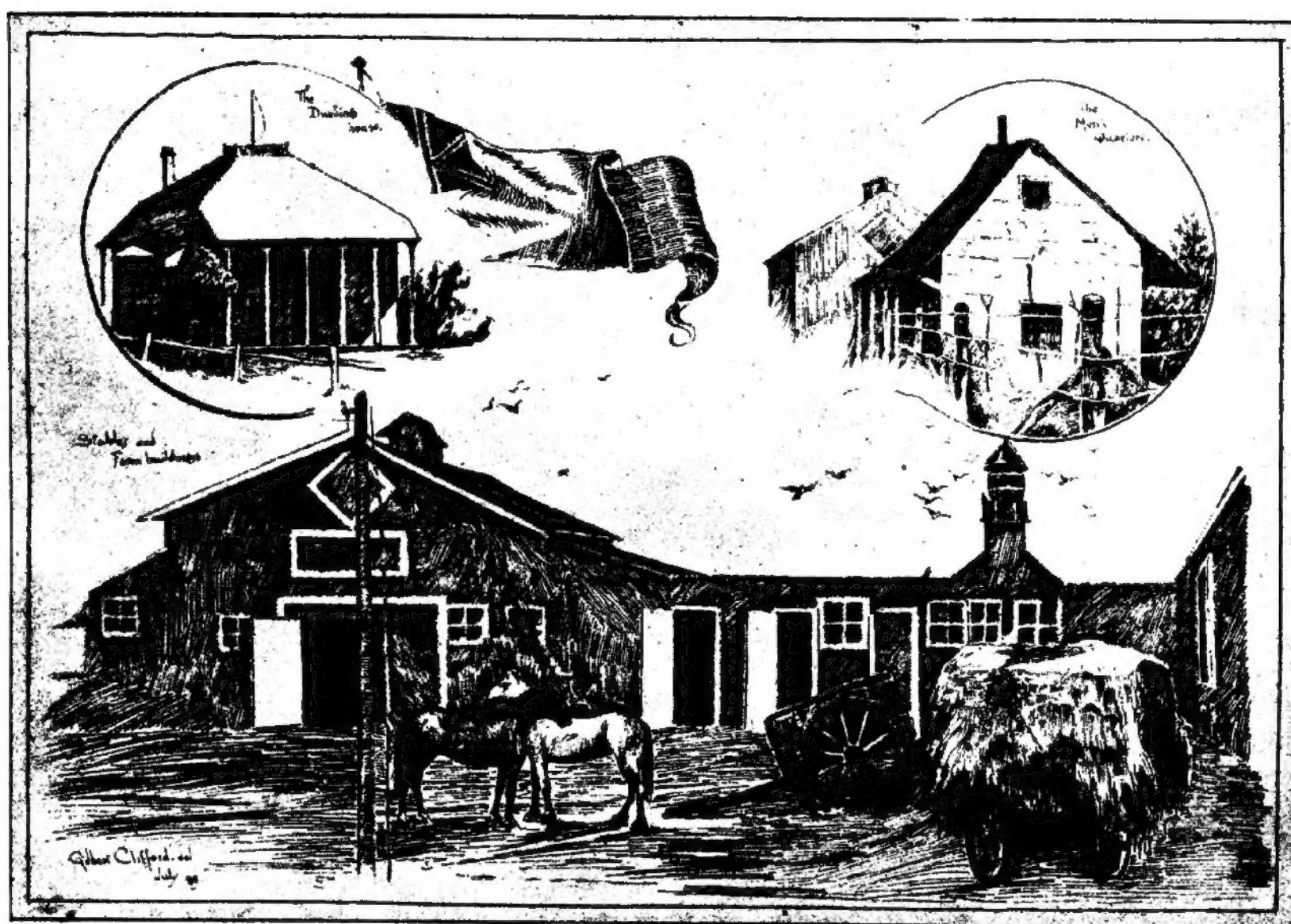
The third junior partner, Mr. Henry Miles, son of Dr. Miles, of Quebec, late Deputy Head of the Department of Public Instruction, entered the house in 1870, and, passing through various grades, was appointed general manager in 1884 and admitted to full partnership January 1st, 1888.



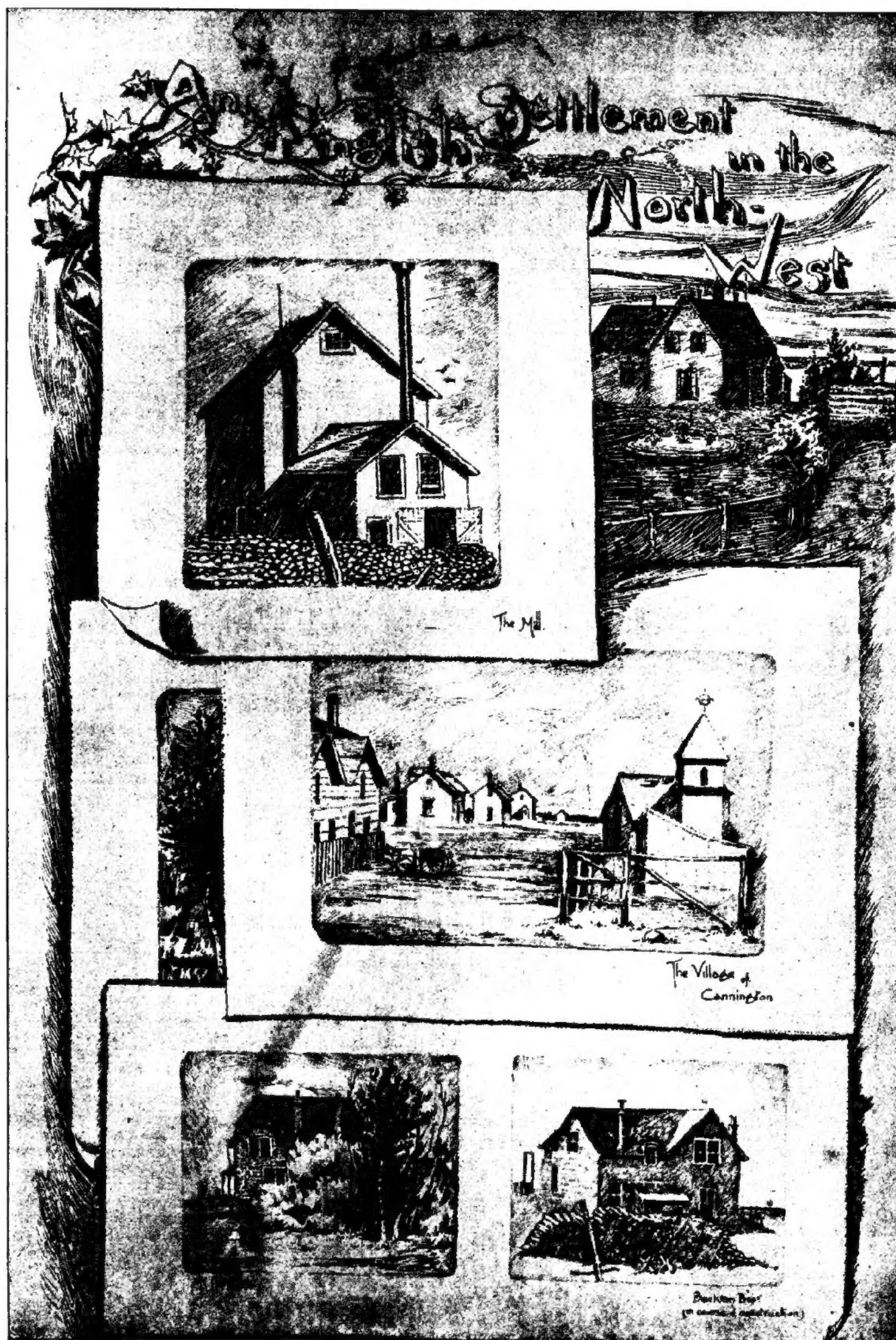
THE LATE JAS. F. D. BLACK,
CITY TREASURER OF MONTREAL.
(Wm. Notman & Son, photo.)



THE LATE FRS. McCULLOCH,
ASSISTANT CHIEF FIRE DEPARTMENT, MONTREAL.
(H. E. Archambault, photo.)



BOSS HILL FARM, VIRDEN, MANITOBA.
(From sketches by Gilbert Clifford.)



SKETCHES IN CANNINGTON, MANITOBA.
(By Gilbert Clifford.)

THE BRITANNIC EMPIRE.

DEVELOPMENT AND DESTINY OF ITS VARIOUS STATES—GREAT BRITAIN (*Continued*).

V.

The British Government is pledged not only in honour, but from a just sentiment of national pride, to defend her Empire. To quote Mr. Gladstone once more: "She would never suffer her colonies to be torn from her, and would no more grudge the cost of defending them against such a consummation than the father of a family grudges the expense of the food necessary to maintain his children." This does not, however, involve the obligation to adopt the dread alternative of war on account of every small aggression or trifling misunderstanding which may affect the relations of a colony with any great nation with whom it comes in contact; while, on the other hand, the colonies are not in a position to demand such rigorous action as they may desire, because they contribute not one iota to the general defence of the empire—except in certain cases—and cannot ask as a right what may only be given as a favour, and the cost of the citizen within the British Isles.

These considerations must prove the unsatisfactory nature of the existing Imperial system, and to Great Britain itself the anomalies of the present relationship with great countries like Canada and Australia must be evident. Of course, while the mother country has all the responsibility and cost of controlling the foreign affairs of the empire, she must have the sole executive authority; but it is becoming necessary to consider whether the surrender of a certain portion of that power to the self-governing states of the realm in return for a corresponding assumption of responsibility on their part is not rapidly assuming the proportions of a great national problem which must be solved. The other alternative of permitting future separation is one which could never commend itself to the approval of any sensible or patriotic Briton. With the loss of Canada and Australia would go the control of the seas in time of war. The laws of neutrality would prevent the use of the coaling stations on the Atlantic and Pacific, and the great harbours on the coasts of Canada and Australasia which now enable the British fleets to sweep the Atlantic and Pacific oceans. The loss of the Canadian Pacific Railway would throw England back upon the precarious route through the Suez Canal for transporting troops to India in time of war—if, indeed, that country, in case of such a consummation, remained under the British flag, which is, at least, doubtful.

The issue, then, is clear, and I cannot but believe that it is evidently in the best interests of Great Britain to adopt a plan of closer union with the colonies, which will systematize the defence of the Empire and make it primarily, a great oceanic power, with the seas for streets, and ships in place of railways. As Sir Charles Dilke so well observes in his most recent work: "The danger in our path is that the enormous forces of European militarism may crush the old country and destroy the integrity of our Empire before the growth of the newer communities has made it too strong for attack," and he goes on to say that Great Britain "imports half her food and the immense masses of raw material which are essential to her industries."

These two last considerations bring us naturally to the great question of trade relations, and how the Mother Country would be benefited by the adoption of some system of Imperial consolidation.

The magnitude of the question may be grasped from the fact that the total trade of the British Empire for 1885 amounted to £1,046,000,000 sterling, contributed as follows:

United Kingdom.....£642,372,000
British Possessions.....403,968,000

The tendency of late years has been in the direction of an increased trade between Great Britain and the colonies and a decreasing trade with foreign countries on the part of the United Kingdom, as the following table will show:

	1870.	1885.
Exports to foreign countries..	£147,772,599	£135,114,875
Decrease.....		£12,657,725

	1870.	1885.
Exports to British possessions..	£51,814,223	£77,929,626
Increase.....		£26,115,403

There can be no doubt that when Great Britain, forty years ago, adopted free trade, it was in the national interest to do so. With a production largely in excess of her consumption and almost a monopoly of the markets of the world; with the discoveries of gold and steam immensely increasing the demands and purchasing power of the world at large, it was little wonder that British prosperity advanced by leaps and bounds, and that her people laughed at the thought of successful competition.

But times soon changed. Nation after nation adopted protection as its platform and proceeded to manufacture in large measure for itself, the result being that in the last two decades British trade has not advanced proportionately to that of its foreign rivals, as the following table will show:

Exports of the Produce and Manufactures of	1870	1885	Increase
United States.....	£78,462,000	£151,392,000	£72,930,000
Holland.....	31,831,000	74,106,000	42,275,000
Germany (1872) ..	116,031,000	143,015,000	26,984,000
Belgium.....	27,604,000	48,000,000	20,396,000
Austria-Hungary ..	39,541,000	56,007,000	16,466,000
Great Britain.....	199,525,000	213,044,000	13,459,000
France.....	112,084,000	123,524,000	11,440,000

Not only is this the case, but we see that competition from abroad by means of the admission of goods of every kind into the United Kingdom under the free import system is undermining the prosperity of the manufacturing interests and taking away their own home market, which is one of the most important in the world, from an industrial standpoint, if from no other.

The following analysis of the import trade of the United Kingdom, for which I am indebted to a most valuable address by Mr. H. T. Hibbert, F.S.S., before the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, will throw some light upon this branch of the question:

	1870.	1885.
Raw material.....	£158,104,673	£157,470,521
Agricultural products.....	69,960,054	103,970,016
Manufactures.....	42,278,232	67,352,588
Chemical products.....	13,800,442	13,281,535
Subject to duty.....	29,114,092	28,893,295

From these figures it will be seen that Great Britain imported £44,000,000 sterling more of agricultural products and £25,000,000 more of manufactured articles in 1885 than she did in 1870. The result of this competition in the home market, coupled with the closing of foreign markets by protective duties, has been the emigration of operatives by thousands, the investment of capital in foreign enterprises, the transfer of manufacturing establishments to protected countries, the fluctuation of prices and wages, with a distinct diminution in the prosperity of the farmer and a migration of the farm labour to the already overcrowded cities.

What then, is the remedy? I venture to say that it will be found in reciprocal arrangement with the colonies and the consequent use by Great Britain of that magnificent weapon of power in international negotiations—the ability to retaliate. When we consider the very large percentage which the colonies take per head from the mother country in proportion to what foreign countries do, we can easily realize what a great trade may arise in the future if Great Britain develops her Colonial Empire and protects herself, by the adoption of such a policy. The placing of a small duty by the Mother Country upon foreign food and industrial imports, admitting strictly raw material free, and giving the masses an untaxed breakfast table by the removal of the duty upon tea, coffee, etc., could not but be beneficial. Nor would it necessarily raise the price of bread, as the United States must send its wheat somewhere, and the exporters would have to pay part, if not all, of the duty, while the enhancement of colonial production would soon raise the competition to its normal figure, at the same time providing the British people with an absolutely safe supply of food from within the bounds of their own vast Empire, and enabling them to become independent of foreign powers in the event of war or international complications.

The machinery necessary for all this should be very simple, and might consist of little more than the appointment of an Imperial Council, to be composed, ex officio, of all the Premiers of the self-governing portions of the Empire and such other members as might be elected by a majority vote of the two Houses of the various Parliaments. The details could be arranged and modified from time to time by conferences meeting in London or elsewhere—such council to have the final decision in matters of war, the majority to rule; to control the expenditure upon an Imperial navy, and to facilitate the encouragement of trade between the various parts of the Empire, and the ultimate solution of the many difficulties which now threaten the Imperial structure.

I have attempted, at too great length, I fear, to show that, powerful and wealthy as Great Britain is, a change in the constitutional structure of her Empire is necessary; that it would be in her interest to effect a re-organization of her system of Imperial defence by the introduction of her colonies as partners, and that her commercial welfare is equally bound up in the maintenance and consolidation of existing relations. With the political phase, I have been unable to deal at this time, and cannot do better in concluding than by quoting these lines of the poet:

"The wisdom, the glory, the might of that nation,
Which rose like the sun from the breast of the sea,
And first 'mongst the powers of earth took her station,
'The land of the brave and the home of the free.'
The cradle of genius, the birthplace of freedom,
The soil whence wealth, honour and chivalry sprung
Are ours; all brighter than artist e'er painted,
All nobler than poet or minstrel e'er sung."
Toronto. J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

THE ELGIN PERIOD IN CANADA.

The Marquis of Lorne has paid a graceful compliment to a deserving Canadian *littérateur* in having forwarded copies of Mr. Henry Morgan's ("Mufti's") recent interesting monograph on the Elgin period in Canadian history to the Queen and the Prince of Wales. It will be remembered that the article in question, which first appeared in the *Citizen*, in addition to sketching the life of a prominent and estimable lady of the Queen's household, the late Hon. Mrs. Robert Bruce, gave some interesting details of her brother-in-law's (Lord Elgin's) eventful political career in Canada and India. Lord Lorne was well pleased with the article, which he describes as excellently executed. Several members of the Bruce family have also written to Mr. Morgan thanking him for his interesting and sympathetic sketch. "That a time now so long ago," says Lady Thurlow, "should still be remembered in Canada, is a thing which touches us deeply, and for which we are glad to express our gratitude."—*Ottawa Citizen*.

GRIM TRUTH.

This is the title of a short story written by Miss Alexia Agnes Vail, a lady of considerable literary ability, whom we were proud, some months ago, to have the privilege of placing on our roll of contributors. The tale or sketch, though brief, is pregnant with thought, and shows a good deal of constructive skill. Nor is it destitute of moral purpose, as those who read it will quickly discover. The epidemic that, for a season, overtook the country town of Edgevale, a locality which hundreds of readers, living far apart from each other, will probably recognize as drawn from nature, is a sort of visitation from which, in the main, our own Dominion, like other parts of the world, has been wonderfully free. The symptoms which accompanied the exhibition of the disease, are described very clearly. The effects were different in different cases, notwithstanding a general sameness in the mode of attack. Few, indeed, were proof against its discomforts, though it may be said that those who had been previously inoculated suffered less than their neighbours. The condition of some of the patients was extremely pitiable, though their deplorable plight was the result of their previous mode of life. The lesson which the story inculcates (and essentially it is a true story) is one that none can afford to despise. It deals with a social disorder, with which our political economists and social reformers have troubled themselves too little. Some of them, indeed, are in a sad way themselves. But our readers will understand the question only after studying Miss Vail's little book, which we cordially commend to their attention, assured that no disappointment awaits them. The publishers are Messrs. John Lovell & Son, who have presented the story to us in a tasteful form. Miss Vail dedicates "Grim Truth" to Dr. Williams, Bishop of Quebec.

God's greatness
Flows around our incompleteness;
Round our restlessness, his rest.

TWO PICTURES.

BY HELEN FAIRBAIN.

"Patients or presents, Doctor?"

The speaker, a young French-Canadian lawyer, smoothed his little black moustache, and showed his white teeth in a smile appreciative of his own alliterative jocularly, as he stopped short in the way of Dr. Clarendon, who was striding rapidly along St. James street.

"Presents, of course. My patients are all convalescent," replied the doctor, with a gleam of amusement in his blue eyes.

"Ha! ha! Good! Very good!" laughed the little lawyer. "You should be at the Bar, Clarendon. But, *mon ami*, speaking of presents, I've a lot more to get yet, and this the day before Christmas. Come into the 'Ichi Ban' with me, there's a good fellow, and help me to get a few. You know," he continued, as they entered the fascinating Japanese store, "there's nothing pleases the ladies so well as something from 'Ichi Ban.' They're all wild about Japanese wares." Turning to the young girl who came forward to serve them, he looked perplexity out of his laughing brown eyes, saying: "I don't know what I want, *Ma'amelle*. Show me some pretty little things. Anything you like," with just the faintest possible accent on the "you."

This was a proceeding that extended over a good many minutes, and resulted in the purchase of quite a number of little things, amongst them a beautiful little red and gold tea-pot, a cup and saucer of egg-shell China, a marvellous fan and a Japanese umbrella. Finally, Clarendon wandered away from his friend, leaving him and the girl to decide as to the respective merits of ivory and carved wood paper-cutters. He paused at the other end of the store beside a table, on which lay a promiscuous heap of silk handkerchiefs. Selecting one of fine texture and delicate pattern, he purchased it and deposited the tiny parcel in the breast pocket of his coat. Just then Lemesurier joined him.

"Ready!" queried the doctor.

"Ah, yes; ready!" replied the French-Canadian, clapping his coat over the region occupied by his pocket book. "If I don't get away, I shan't have cab hire to take me home. But did you not invest?"

"I have—to a small extent. I can't afford to let the notes fly like you, Lemesurier. My forefathers weren't wealthy seigneurs."

Lemesurier laughed with a comfortable consciousness of prosperity as the two men left the light, attractive store, and parted company forthwith—the lawyer turning east and Clarendon west. The young doctor passed rapidly along St. James street, through Victoria Square, and up Beaver Hall Hill. On his way up the hill he paused in front of the brilliantly lighted window of a florist's shop. Mist and frost were so thick on the glass on account of the summer temperature within, that only confused glimpses of colour were visible from the street. Opening the door, a flush of warm fragrance greeted him.

Bowls of red and white carnations, pots of pink begonia, with clusters of waxen flowers and thick lopsided leaves, wreaths of smilax and evergreen, and clumps of every imaginable kind of roses made a summer bower of the interior. Clarendon ran his eye over the fragrant tea-roses, the yellow *Maréchal Niel*, the crimson *Jacqueminot*, the pure white varieties, and finally paused at a jar of pink beauties, great heavy, opening flowers, exhaling a faint perfume. He selected one of the largest, a perfect flower, and handed it to the girl behind the counter.

"Will you have anything with it, sir? A white hyacinth would go nicely. Ten cents each the hyacinths are."

"No, thank you," replied the doctor, "only a little green. Get me a good piece of smilax. Stay! This will do," picking up a piece that lay on the counter. The girl placed the rose on the green, wet smilax—all the flowers and trimmings in the place seemed freshly sprinkled and wrapped them deftly in white wadding and silk paper.

"Thirty-three cents, please," she said, sticking a pin in the end of the parcel and handing it to the doctor. "Thirty for the rose and three for the smilax. Flowers are *ridiculously* dear, now 't Christmas time," she added, as she clinked the silver into the cash drawer, and stooped to mark the sale in her book.

With his floral purchase in one fur-gauntleted hand, Dr. Clarendon left the tropical precincts of the florist's and emerged into the frosty air of the December evening. A quick walk brought him to his place of residence on McGill College Avenue. Entering his study, he threw down cap and gauntlets, loosened his great coat, and taking from his pocket the parcel, proceeded to divest both it and the rose of their wrappings. This done, he seated himself at the table and abstracted from his pocket-book an envelope, whence he took an ordinary visiting card, which he examined critically. On the face of it, in printed characters, was traced "Miss Edna Gordon," and down in the right-hand corner, "A Friend." On the reverse side of the card, written in the same manner, were the following lines:

The flower, faintly pleading, softly begged for fairer fingers,
And brighter, happier eyes than mine to answer back its light
To thee, Edna, I consign it, while in its depths there lingers
The blessing for thy Christmas-side I breathe in it to-night.

The doctor looked at the lines with a smile—half commendatory, half deprecatory—as young writers are wont to regard their wares. One might wonder why he had written of "happier eyes," as though his own were dulled with grief. Looking at him there in his comfortable, albeit not luxurious, study; handsome, well apparelled; physically, well nigh perfect, and evidently intellectual, one might

suppose he had much of what goes to make up happiness. But the young often like to fancy themselves unhappy, perhaps for the "pleasure of the pain." True, Clarendon feared that his practice was lagging in its growth, and, moreover, he felt persuaded that there were no signs of his ambitions as a *littérateur* meeting with speedy gratification. His reputation as a writer of graceful verse, and strong, sensible prose, was merely local, when, like all other youthful aspirants to literary laurels, he craved for it to be world-wide. However, at this moment, neither patients nor poesy disturbed his serenity. He was evidently peculiarly pleased with his occupation. After duly inspecting the card, he spread the creamy, shimmering piece of Oriental silk on the table, laid the rose in its setting of smilax upon it, and bent for an instant over the beautiful blossom, its cool petals touching his lips. Then lightly folding it in the silk, he enclosed it in the former wrappings, and pinned securely to one end the square bit of pasteboard, turning out the side bearing the name. Hastily buttoning his overcoat, and resuming cap and gauntlets, he took the parcel and left the house. At the corner of McGill College Avenue and Sherbrooke street he turned west, and in a few minutes was close to the objective point of his excursion. Pulling his cap down over his forehead, and turning up his coat collar, with an evident desire to escape recognition, in which he was befriended by the early darkness of the December day, he quickly ascended the steps of a somewhat imposing and evidently luxurious residence. Slipping a loop which he had purposely attached to the parcel over the door knob, he rang the bell, and betook himself with lightning rapidity to the street. After walking a few paces he crossed the road, and, returning, was opposite the house in time to see the butler open the door and remove the parcel from the knob. Then the door was closed and Clarendon walked rapidly homeward. "Pretty work this for a reputable physician," he muttered to himself as he faced the keen, snow-laden wind that whistled along the broad street. "But then," he added, with an amused smile, "it wasn't the physician, it was the poet who did that!"

When he reached home the second time the hall clock pointed to half past five. A faint odour of savoury culinary operations greeted him, and was by no means unwelcome to either physician or poet. Throwing aside his overcoat, he proceeded to make himself comfortable in his slippers and study chair, and was meeting with unqualified success in this praiseworthy endeavour, when a faint ring of the door bell was followed by a knock at his own door, and "A lady wishes to see you, sir!" from the white-capped and aproned housemaid.

"Show her in here," said the young doctor, muttering to himself, "What sort of a case is this, I wonder?"

The "case" confronted him presently,—a quiet, plainly dressed, tired-looking young woman, holding a handkerchief to her temple, who, in answer to his look of inquiry, said simply:

"I fell on the ice and have hurt my head. I think it must be cut."

Placing his patient in the chair from which he had arisen, Keith Clarendon examined the injured forehead. There was a small cut close to the roots of the soft, dark hair. He bathed it gently and staunched the bleeding.

"Will it be necessary to sew it?" she asked.

"Oh, no; not at all. It's not bad enough for that. Not a serious cut by any means. However," he added, kindly, "you must take a little rest here. Your fall has shaken you considerably."

Then, arranging the cushions comfortably in the depths of a capacious easy chair, he bade her test its merits.

"Now, let me get you a cup of chocolate?" he petitioned, cordially.

"Thank you. I should like it very much, if it is not too much trouble," was the reply.

"No trouble at all, I assure you," said the doctor aloud, adding mentally, "What a comfort it is to get an answer like that when one offers to do anything."

He left the room and returned in a few minutes, carrying a small tray covered with a bit of spotless damask, and bearing a comfortable, old-fashioned, white and gold China cup and saucer—the former full of steaming, creamy chocolate, and a plate with a couple of thin, dry biscuits.

"See what it is to have an accommodating landlady," he said, smiling, as he placed the tray on the table before her. "Now, take plenty of time. Remember there is no hurry, and it is bad for you to eat quickly, especially when you are exhausted as at present."

So saying, he left the room once more, and his weary-looking patient nibbled at the biscuit and sipped the chocolate with a wistful look in her grey eyes. When he returned, she had finished her light repast and was leaning back in the luxurious chair, her eyes closed and an expression of perfect restfulness on her face. She looked up as he entered and said:

"I enjoyed my chocolate so much. It was very comforting."

"I'm glad to hear it," was the hearty reply. "Now, I must put a bandage on your forehead to keep the cold out. Lean forward a little bit. There now."

The patient arose from her chair with a sigh, donned her hat, a plain little affair made up of the same stuff as her gown—a sort of strong black serge—drew on her woollen gloves, and lifted her faded mink muff.

"I have had quite a rest," she said involuntarily, the thought forcing itself into speech.

"You were tired?" queried the doctor. "You look tired," he added with a sympathetic intonation.

"Oh, yes. I am often tired." Then, after an instant's hesitation, "I work in one of the newspaper offices. The work is monotonous and not congenial. When I leave the office I am so weary of it!"

"I am sure you must be," responded Dr. Clarendon. "I know it is very wearying. Perhaps, as a physician, you will allow me to advise you a little. You may not be able to follow my advice fully, but do to what extent you can." (The poet was lost in the background now, and the physician had it all his own way.) "Take as much open air exercise as you can get, eat wholesome plain food. Your diet is of the greatest importance when there is such a strain on you. Be very partial to woollen, and avoid cotton clothing as far as possible; never allow your feet to remain cold or damp, and don't be afraid of sleeping too much. You can't have too much rest. Now, as to the wound on your forehead. Keep it well covered lest you should get cold in it, and come back to me on the 30th and let me see it. I leave town to-night on the 8.30 train," he added, "to spend a few days with my own people in Sherbrooke, but I shall be hear again, if all's well, on the 30th."

They had left the room while he spoke and reached the front door. He opened and held it back with a courteous "good night."

"Good night!" responded the girl with one backward look, as she passed out into the driving snow and gathering shadows.

That night, as the train bearing Keith Clarendon homeward sped out of the busy, brilliant station, into the windswept darkness of the December night, the young doctor could not refrain from drawing a sharp contrast between the two girls who had that afternoon occupied his attention in such very different ways. Had he possessed Prince Ali's magical glass and used it for a bird's eye view of them at that moment, he would have had a keener realization of how wide was the gulf that separated their lives.

The one, a study for an artist, standing on a Persian rug in a spacious, richly appointed room. Tall, fair, regally beautiful, with wonderful blue eyes, the glow of health and happiness on her face. A mass of fair hair brushed loosely back from a full white forehead, where two or three tiny curls would linger lovingly, and piled high on the small, proudly erect head. A graceful form, robed in a simple dinner gown of some soft material, against whose cream-white folds a spray of smilax and a half-opened pink rose showed in perfect beauty.

The other, seated on a straight-backed wooden chair, in a small, shabby, second storey back room, her bandaged, throbbing head supported by one thin hand, while the other hung listlessly against the plain black stuff dress. Thin, pale, weary and dispirited, with a hungry look in her grey eyes that would make one long to give that weary spirit the food for which it craved.

II.

On the 29th, after a great deal of snow, the mercury ran up suddenly, and a short rain-fall ensued; but the weathercock veered again on the night of the 29th and shook his tail feathers triumphantly at the balmy south. The north wind roared through the city, making windows rattle in their frames, and the heavy wet limbs of the trees groan and creak as they swayed. The morning of the 30th dawned on a fairy-like scene. The rain had frozen on the trees, encasing trunk, branch and twig in glittering ice. In the morning sunlight the effect was transcendent. The snow on the streets, similarly glazed, was dazzlingly bright. Footpaths and roads shared in the general iciness, and here alone was it an unpleasant feature.

When the afternoon shadows were closing in on the bright, white day, a tired-looking girl rang at the door-bell of a house on McGill College Avenue and inquired for Dr. Clarendon.

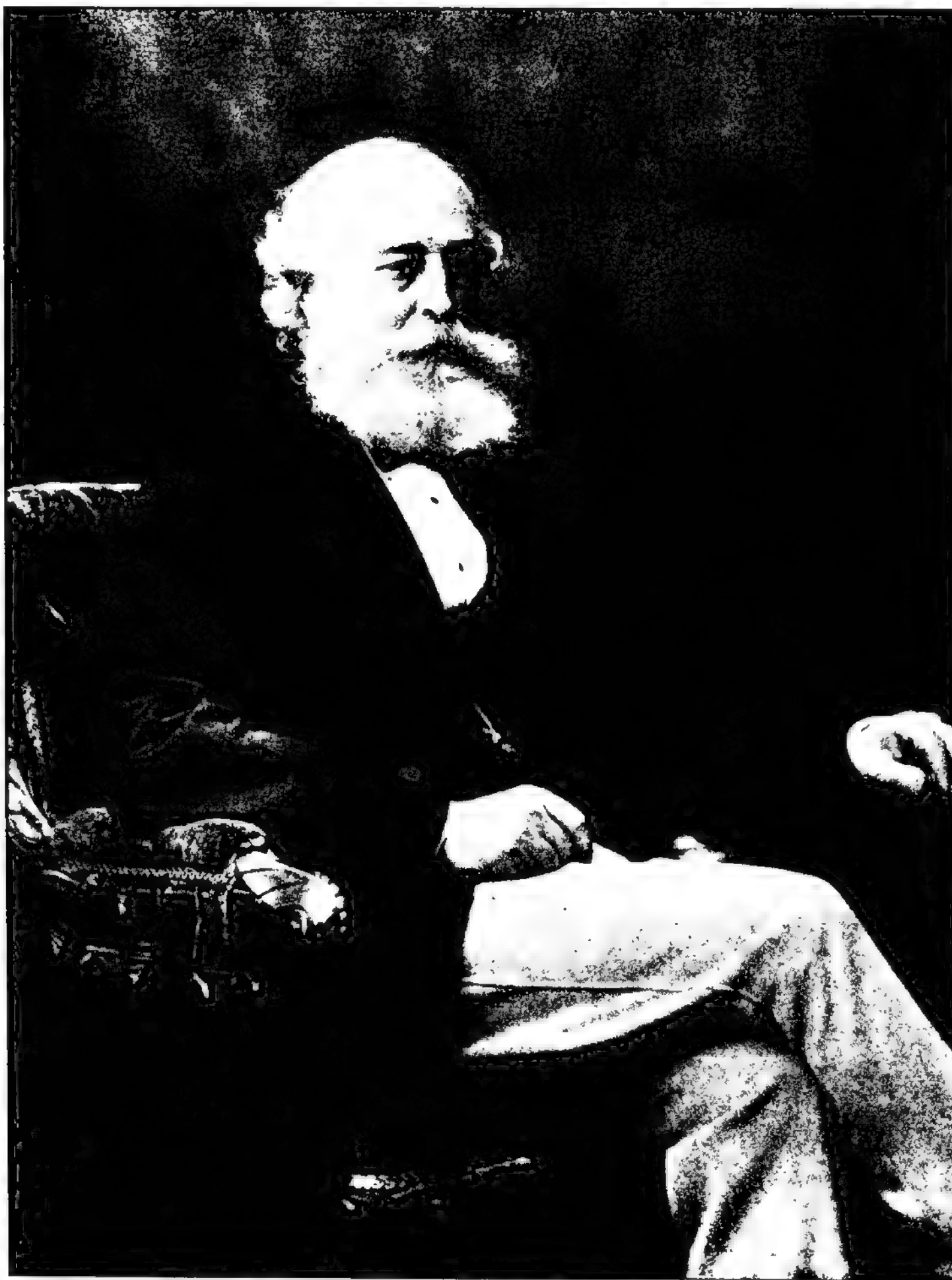
"Doctor's not in yet," ejaculated the housemaid.

"Will he be in soon, do you think? I should like to see him. He told me to come to-day," said the girl anxiously.

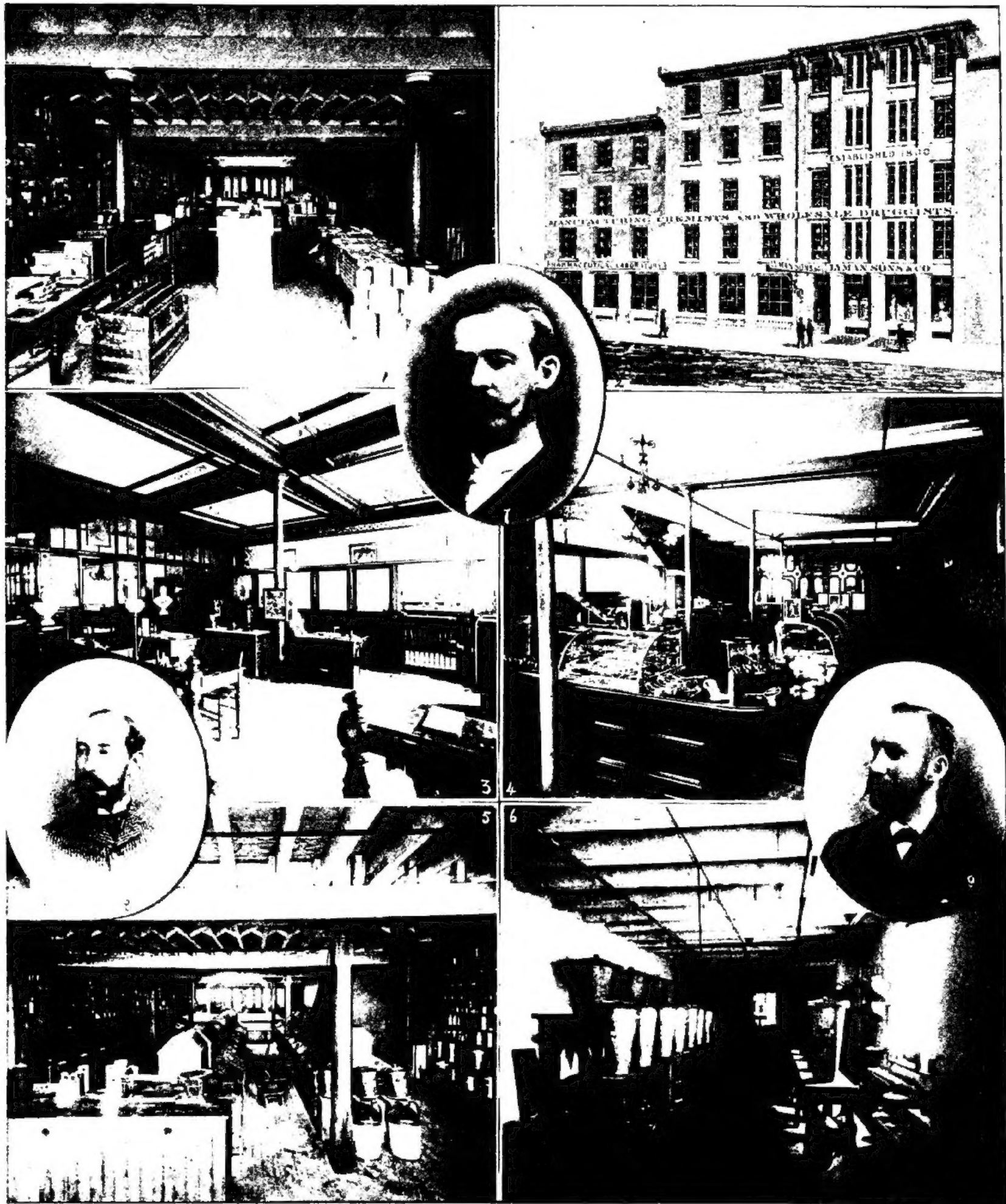
"Well, yes; mos' likely 'n half 'n hour," responded the maid. "If he told you to come, p'raps you'd best come in 'n wait," holding the door back for the girl to pass in.

She did so, and was shown to a chair in the hall by the smart young housemaid, who vanished to the lower regions through a door at the far end of the hall. There was a gas jet lighted, two or three hats and coats upon the rack, and the atmosphere redolent of roast pork and apple sauce. So much the girl sitting upon the hall chair took in of her surroundings when a step in the porch and the opening of the door made her start. She looked up prepared to meet the doctor, but met instead the inquiring eyes of a young law student, who boarded in the house and whose home was too distant to admit of his spending the Christmas vacation there. He passed on, going upstairs three steps at a time. Soon another young man, this time an insurance clerk, came in and followed the first; then another, and another. Presently the first mentioned came down stairs humming a Salvation Army hymn tune, and arranging his handkerchief in his breast-coat pocket, so that just the right proportion should be visible. He looked at the girl, wondering why she waited there, and passing into the drawing-room, seated himself at the piano and began a vigorous attack upon the keys. Presently he sang to his own accompaniment "Solomon Levi," and then with a very little intermission, "My Bonnie." As he was possessed of a really fine tenor voice, the effect was not unpleasing. The girl sitting in the hall listened eagerly, and when the wily student sang, with pain and longing in his expression, the pleading chorus—"Bring back, bring back, oh, bring back my Bonnie to me!"—the grey eyes were wet.

(To be continued.)



HENRY LYMAN, Esq., MONTREAL.



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| 3. General Office. | 6. Percolating Room of Laboratory. | 9. Henry Miles. |

SIR WILLIAM EDMOND LOGAN, F.R.S., F.G.S.

On Tuesday evening, the 13th instant, the Society of Canadian Literature and the Society for Historical Studies met in the Library Room of the Natural History Society to conclude the programme of their winter's work. The attendance was large, and besides the members of both societies comprised a number of invited friends, prominent among whom we may mention the Rev. W. S. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. W. N. Evans, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kirkpatrick, Mr. A. Loftus and Prof. Thomas Davidson, of New York.

Mr. George Murray, president of the Society of Canadian Literature, occupied the chair, and having called the meeting to order, introduced Mr. Horace T. Martin, whose paper, on the Life and Works of Sir W. E. Logan, was to form the subject of the evening's study. According to a syllabus which had been handed to the audience, the remarks were grouped under three headings—"Geology, Geology of Canada and Biography."

The opening sentences claimed the importance of ranking an acquired science with the possession of a new sense. The capability of reading the story of the works and unravelling the history of the geologic ages is a faculty to be desired, and as there is no royal road to the possession of these gains, and all have to follow much the same career, it seemed appropriate in the first place to outline the course.

Archibald Geikie's *Primer of Geology* is a book which could not deter the most timid student or reader. It is designed for the use of children, and yet contains suggestions of the most profound nature.

Sir Wm. Dawson's "Lecture Notes" and "Text Book of Canadian Geology" now invite us by their local interest. They carry the sciences much further and prepare a way for a fuller appreciation of the next step. Geikie's "Field Geology" is written in a manner which appeals to every lover of nature to quicken the sense to a better appreciation of the beauty, the eloquence of the earth's many voices—mountains, valleys, lakes, and rivers are made to tell their secrets. And now we are prepared to take up a profounder volume, Dana's "Manual of Geology," a sure guide through nature's workshop, where Vulcan's forge stands robbed of its terrors, and from which we learn the mighty making of continents and oceans.

The outfit for field-work is very simple—the hammer, chisel and bags, with compass, rule and clinometer—need only the pencil and note-book to accomplish good work. The diamond drill, which pierces the earth's crust for hundreds of feet, and like a giant "tester," draws up its samples of the various strata, is valuable, especially to mining interests, but does not obviate the necessity of chipping small specimens of rock with our little pocket hammer.

A matter of greatest satisfaction to the Canadian student is the richness of our country in geological attractions, and the record of them begins with the earliest Canadian writers. Nearly two and a half centuries ago, under circumstances vastly different from anything we know to-day, Pierre Boucher, the Governor of Three Rivers, and whose name we perpetuate in the islands and village of Boucherville, wrote his account of the natural history of Canada. Beasts, birds and fishes; trees, shrubs and plants; rocks, minerals and metals,—all claim his careful attention, even amid the daily fears of the sanguinary Iroquois.

A hundred years pass and we halt to consider the writings of that eminent Swedish traveller, Peter Kalm, the translation of whose works by J. R. Förster amazes us with their research and breadth. Like Boucher, he views and records all natural phenomena, with the material difference of adding scientific names to almost every plant and animal. His books have interest for readers in every capacity, and it is surprising so few copies are to be met with in Montreal.

Another writer of general interest, but one much better known than the former, is Samuel Hearne, who, under direction of the Hudson Bay Company, travelled through a large tract of their northern territory in search of copper. His contributions are mainly of a negative value, and only add to our knowledge an Indian legend to account for the want of copper in a region once supposed to have been rich in this metal.

The "Father of Canadian Geology" is the title chosen recently for Logan by the contributor of a biographical sketch, but with more appropriateness could this distinction be applied to Dr. John J. Bigsby, who visited Canada as secretary to the Boundary Commission, and in the course of his labours recorded the geological features of the country in such a manner as to identify his name forever with the study of the localities in which he worked. To us particularly has his name an interest, as his article on the "Geology of the Island of Montreal," written in 1823, remained for sixty years the only extended record of our neighbourhood. An abridged copy appears in "Hochelaga Depicta," and was only superseded in 1888 by Dr. Harrington's account, which we find in S. E. Dawson's "Guide to Montreal and Vicinity." Dr. Bigsby's greatest work was the study of the Huronian Rocks.

About this period we find several names claiming prominence in the field of geology. All of them rank in the Imperial army and navy, showing qualities which these branches do not usually imply. We must be content merely with a mention of the names: Lieut. F. H. Baddeley, who recorded the geological features of Labrador and the north coast of the St. Lawrence to Quebec; Lieut. F. L. Ingall described the basin of the St. Maurice; Admiral H. W. Bayfield continued the line of the St. Lawrence, and

extended our knowledge even to Lake Superior. These writings bring us to the year 1831, with which we begin another group of geologists whose labours extend to 1842, thus completing the chronological review preceding the establishment of the Geological Survey of Canada. Important as many of these names are, we must hasten by them with only a mention of their work.

I. Finch gives us a pleasant account of the country between Niagara and Quebec by way of the St. Lawrence. Sir R. H. Bonycastle contributes a very detailed account of the neighbourhood of Kingston. J. Roy is identified with studies of the superficial geology of Western Canada. Dr. A. Gesner, whose works merit an evening's study, was the forerunner of that prominent school of geologists who seem to have received inspiration from the rocks of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Much favoured by circumstances, they have given good accounts of their stewardship, as the world to-day acknowledges, and well may Canada be proud of her sons of those rocky coasts.

No more eminent name has ever appeared on the roll of scientists than that of Sir Chas. Lyell. With him was born our modern treatment of those profound geological problems. His name marks an epoch. His travels through Canada are recorded in a very attractive style, and their interest is by no means limited to the scope of a single branch of science. He heralds the foundation of our Geological Survey, and prophesies its value to us, and with proud gratitude should his name ever appear as a co-labourer with Canadian geologists.

For years had this question been discussed, but in the hands of Dr. A. F. Holmes was the matter finally arranged.

Logan is just now entering on his duties as chief of the Canadian Survey, having been called to this office in 1842. But to better introduce the main subject of this paper we shall now take up the Biography and review from its beginning the life of the one we would honour.

With so admirable a book at hand as Dr. Bernard J. Harrington's "Life of Sir William E. Logan," it is almost superfluous to recount much of the history here so attractively recorded. Still a short summary is necessary to fulfil the title of this paper.

In 1794 Mr. William Logan married Miss Janet E. Edmond, who left her Scottish home, near Stirling, for Canada and her future husband. On April 20th, 1798, the third child was born at Montreal, and on May 16th, in the St. Gabriel Street Church, was christened as William Edmond Logan. His early education was received from Mr. Alex. Shakel, in the school on Little St. James street. At the age of 16 he was taken to Edinburgh to complete his studies at the High School. Three years later, having achieved distinguished honours, he leaves for London and enters the employ of his uncle. In 1831 Logan is in Wales superintending the interests of his uncle in some mines, and here the first evidence of any care for geology is exhibited as he writes to his brother in London for text books on mineralogy and geology. Later he writes to Montreal and begs for small specimens of our rocks; his entire ignorance of Canadian geology could scarcely be more clearly shown than by the question: "Did you ever hear of any copper ore in Canada, or anywhere near it?" His spare time was now entirely absorbed in the preparation of a geological map, which, with much modesty, was handed to Sir Henry De la Beche, of the British Survey, and was adopted as part of the official map. This fact actually became the turning-point in Logan's career, and his admission to the Geological Society and his appointment by the Canadian Government became only a matter of time.

It was for the discovery of coal that Logan was called, and Gaspé was his first field. The work was difficult and prolonged, but it has been fully valued. He worked almost alone for some years, but from time to time he contrived to associate with him assistants in the several branches of the work; and it is through his sagacity in selecting men of such high order that we are able to point to his record with such unqualified pride. Surely the union of these men made them more powerful, and over names so eminent it is difficult to pass without proclaiming their merits. Thomas Sterry Hunt as chemist and mineralogist; Elkanah Billings as palæontologist, with the stratigraphical assistance of Alexander Murray and the field assistance of Robert Bell, while names which will live long in the annals of our country include those of Thos. McFarlane, Thos. Devine and many others. Even further went Logan, and enlisted the direct and friendly assistance of England's best scientists, of whom we may mention De la Beche, Murchison, Lyell and Bigsby.

When the results of the work of our Survey had become noteworthy, an opportunity was afforded by the great Industrial Exhibition of London in 1851 to exhibit the collection of minerals, which at once brought our native wealth into prominent notice; again, in 1855, was the good work extended at the Paris Exposition, and on both occasions did Logan well sustain Canadian interests, thereby winning not only honours for Canada but meriting the recognition of a knighthood from the Queen of England, and from the Emperor of France the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

Hard work had yet to be done at home, and as we handle that grand compilation, the "Geology of Canada—1863," we must not forget that it represents the care and labour of nearly eight years, and though some complaint was heard from Parliament the testimony from abroad was highly complimentary, and must have been very gratifying. Thus went the years with their increasing pressure on the diminishing strength of Logan. At last, in 1869, after nearly thirty years' labour, the public received with regret the announcement of Sir William's retirement.

But even yet his work is not done, certain of his conclusions are called in question and he must verify his statements. With this task was he engaged when rather suddenly death closed his career on the 22nd of June, 1875, and he was laid to rest in the churchyard of Llechryd, Wales.

The office of Director of the Survey had been filled by Mr. A. R. C. Selwyn, who continues the good work, while many of Sir William's co-workers still contribute to our wealth of knowledge, being spared to give us many amusing and interesting accounts of their personal experiences with Logan. Sir J. W. Dawson speaks to us from his extraordinary experience, giving us personal reminiscences extending back to Dr. Bigsby; and Dr. Robt. Bell has also a rich store of memory, covering 17 years' constant intercourse with Logan. These accounts, it is hoped, will be published at no distant date, and will add to our appreciation of so great a character. Already Dr. Bell has done good service in establishing the "Logan Club" in Ottawa, which, with its motto, "Mente et Malleo" will serve for both pleasure and profit. Their poet writes:

"By thought and dint of hammering
Is the good work done whereof I sing,
And a jollier lot you'll rarely find
Than the men who chip at earth's old rind."

The *Canadian Naturalist and Geologist*, the organ of the Natural History Society of Montreal, records many matters of deep interest to scientists. Many contributions of Logan's are stored among its treasures, until in it we find that last sad entry. Volume VIII, contains the obituaries of Sir Charles Lyell, Elkanah Billings and Sir William E. Logan. In concluding his memoir, Dr. Harrington uses words which seem eminently chosen to close the present paper: "If you would do honour to that noble old man, 'who fought so long, so bravely, for his country, for science, for you, then honour the cause for which he fought.'"

MAY MUSINGS.

AFTER RAIN COMES SUNSHINE.

"Oh May, sweet maid, what ails thee? Why so pensive and sad? It is not like thee to have thy bonny blue eyes so often dimmed with tears. Come, smile again before thy short stay is o'er."

"Who is speaking?" asked May, suddenly lifting her dimpled face over the edge of a cloud.

"I am sure I don't know," said a wee William, vainly trying to shake May's tears from its white face. "But I wish you would give us a little more sunshine; it is so cold and damp in the woods."

"Prithee, friend, cease thy grumbling," answered a staidier William, as it swayed gracefully on its long stalk.

"Look under yonder rose-bush, May, and you will see June hiding there; it was he that was speaking."

"Come forth, June, thou art discovered!" And June, somewhat abashed, crept forth from his hiding place. "Ah, June, thou hast no right here, I reign supreme as yet."

"Thy pardon, sweet May, I crave; but I could no longer withhold my complaint; so pray listen and be thine own bright sunny self again."

"Methinks, friend June, thou art somewhat afraid that if my present mood continues thy rose-bushes will not bear as soon as you would wish. Confess now, if such were not thy thoughts?"

"Well," said June, as he laughingly pointed to a rose-bush somewhat destitute of leaves. "You certainly have not done as well as you might have."

"And you would have me resume my character of being the

"Month of bees and month of flowers,
Month of blossoms, laden bowers;
Month of little hands with daisies,
Lovers' love, and poets' praises."

Well, so I will for the rest of my brief stay. Tomorrow listen, and you will hear the blending of many voices in gladsome strains for the perfect day they shall have."

"Did you hear that, my dear? May promises us a fine day to-morrow," said robin to his mate, who, with his head perched on one side, was intently watching a fine fat grub; "but though some others may not like it, we Robins do enjoy the rain, and sunshine, too," quoth she, and away she hopped to seize Mr. Grub.

"The wild wood flowers, so tender-eyed and pale,—
The wood-mouse sitting by the forest spring, re-echoed sunshine, too."

How delightful are the woods in May! what glimpses of rare loveliness are seen through the thin-foliaged trees, which, later on, are hidden from view! What exquisite shades of green meet the eye—from the glossy, light shade just unfolded to the deeper, richer tints, while intermingling with these are indescribable tints of brown; beneath one's feet the soft, thick grass, yielding to the touch, gives back no sound to disturb the calm silence of the woods; and yet, amidst this silence, one feels an undue current of stirring life on all sides. At first the faint hum of bees, glad to escape from their winter quarters—they are eagerly gathering supplies for their honey. Then a noise, like the pattering of rain upon the dead leaves of last year, is heard in yon thicket, and looking more closely, birds of all sizes and colour are seen, from the little wren to his sable majesty the crow, blackbirds, robins and numerous charming yellow canaries, and others with beautiful plumage whose names are not familiar. Hopping among the leaves

and poking about with their sharp beaks, they seem to be having a most enjoyable time.

Two baby squirrels play hide-and seek among them, while on an old stump near by, sits their mother. Cautiously drawing near, for the slightest noise would disturb the timid dwellers of the woods, one hears a sound like a file at work; it is the mother squirrel filing a butternut with her sharp little teeth. Who can tell from what hidden store she got it. How cleverly she holds the nut in her forepaws; but her bright eye discovers somebody watching, and, quick as a flash, the nut is dropped, and with her pretty broad tail spread out away she goes. Suddenly there flits by a golden oriole. Scarce has one turned to watch its flight and admire its loveliness when a sharp tapping is heard, and running up the trunk of a tree the pretty hooded woodpecker is seen. And

"Where forest paths and glades, and thickets green
Make up, of flowers and leaves, a world serene.
The soul can learn to love all things
The God hath made."

HOW WE WON THE TROPHY.

No stirring deed of arms I tell, by flood or trampled field,
Nor clash of sword on plumed helm, nor spear 'gainst ring-
ing shield.

The Isthmian and Olympic games were sung of old in
Greece,

And in the bright Laurentian land we too love wars of
peace.

Let gladsome pæans songful rise, on high your garland's
toss,

With chaplets crown our hero game, the Indian's gift,
Lacrosse!

Then let it down our history ring with Deeds and Arts and
Laws,

And children's children welcome it in thunders of applause!

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

Tell how we won the Championship and swept the field
that day?

And you, the old time veteran, the great game missed, you
say!

Your fighting spirit sure has flown, your blood no longer
stirs

As in the days of long ago when first you won your spurs!

In swelling crowds, full hours before the time play should
begin,

The people come in car and cab still ever flowing in,
Filled the grand stand from end to end, packed all its
ample space

In towering tiers of manly strength, beauty and winsome
grace.

I vow 'twas sight to fire the blood;—enthroned, that serried
mass

Of pulsing life, with color bloomed; afoot, the velvet
grass;

Above, the blue Canadian sky; beyond, the river's sheen

Shot back the burnished rays that kissed the mountain's
crested green.

And almost hidden 'mid the flock, with brilliant plumage
gay,

That fluttering and twittering await the coming fray,
Was one white dove whose heart I knew beat 'neath its
downy vest

In visions of her love's return, crowned, from that stirring
quest.

All paused. I watched the players stand, or toss the
rubber high;

Admiring scanned each stalwart form, dear to an athlete's
eye,

As o'er the field, with easy grace, the lissome figures glide;

Or, playful, chase the darling ball with lithe and winged
stride.

The signal whistle shrilly piped, sharp on the stroke of
three

The teams lined up in centre field; out stepped the Referee.
Kindly he warned us of the rules: "Now boys, let people
say,

In after years, who see this game, 'twas pure Lacrosse
that day!"

Nervous! you're right; although our men were in the
finest trim,

And jauntily toyed with their sticks, their smiles were
rather grim.

Ten thousand pairs of eager eyes, the Championship at
stake!

Man, each green blade sprang 'neath our shoes with brist-
ling nerves awake!

I won the toss and chose to play down, with the sun be-
hind;

And, as the team strung out to place, urged them to keep
in mind

The precepts I, all practice eves, unceasing trained them
in—

"Cover; check close; get on the ball; keep cool and
sure we'll win!"

The Centre-field's knelt for the face. "Ball's off!" the
ladies cry.

Quick as a flash our Outside Home caught at it on the fly,

And, heedless of the raining blows, dodged each man as
he came,
Passed it to Home. A shot, dead on; the Umpire's
signal. Game!

'Tis ours! 'tis ours! Surprise, delight, dear brimming
eyes confess,

And sweet with hope their speech to me, and joy at first
success;—

Then, as bent bow in archer's hand twangs from the loos-
ened string,

The pent voice of the people's heart breathed in one
mighty ring!

The old heads, when they got their breath after the first
glad shout

None could restrain, looked very wise and muttered:
"Boys! look out!"

That's but the first—too quickly won,—the pace is rather
fast!"

And swift the ready challenge came: "Yes, much too
good to last!"

Next game both sides had settled down and showed some
pretty play,

As up and back the ball was tossed along its bounding
way.

Our Home poured in their red hot shots; theirs rattled
round the poles;

Till, swift and true, in arrow flight, the ball whizzed
through our goals!

The second game against us scored, our doughty rivals
heard

The cheer that heartens combatants,—and then they took
the third!

Somehow that's always been our luck—it takes a crack or
two

To knock the dust out of our eyes and let the grit shine
through.

And so it proved, for, when the teams answered the
whistle's call,

My men were first upon the field; I saw in each and all
The look betokening grit would tell, 'spite the stonewall
Defence

That held the goal impregnable—a living barrier dense.

Again the ball was quickly faced. Our Cover-point leapt
in

'Mid whirling sticks and bore it off, amid ear-splitting din
Of proffered counsel, ringing cheer, applause that never
lags,

Till luckily he heard me roar: "High drop, right on the
flags!"

One instant balanced on the net, then urged by powerful
swing

The soaring ball rose to the sky as if on buoyant wing.
The players stood and watched its flight; the stand gazed,
breathless, too,

And strained their eyes upon the speck cleaving the distant
blue.

As darting hawk in downward swoop, the rubber, curving,
dipped;

The Home rushed in. "Check sticks!" I cried. Each
man his crosse tight gripped.

Crash went the sticks! Home's furious swipe the flag-pole
barely shaved.

"Missed by an inch!" the Umpire said. The hard pressed
goal was saved!

Back to our end the rubber whirled. Their Home sprang
to attack

In fierce assault our citadel, by our Defence hurled back.

In vain they tried to force a breach, each well-aimed shot
was stopped,

Till Point a soaring over-hand clean through their fortress
dropped!

"Magnificent!" "Twas only chance!" But all could
plainly see

How narrow was the time between defeat and victory.

Each side two games; ten minutes rest; but three in which
to win

Or lose, or draw!—the odds were then a crosse stick to a
pin.

Three minutes for the Championship! How the swift
seconds flew.

"Play!" cried the Referee at last, and sharp and quick
'twas too;

The face—a draw—a catch—a shot! "Game!" rings
across the field;

Our hero-team had nobly won their title to the Shield!

And if our sticks were tossed in joy, you should have seen
the crowd

Dance, laugh, and slap each other's backs and shout in
glee aloud;

While sparkling eyes their plaudits beamed, and kerchiefs
waved on high,

And polished tiles went rocketing up towards the evening
sky.

But sweeter far than glad applause, dearer than glittering
prize,

The whispered praise from those dear lips, the welcome in
her eyes.

Stilled the unquiet heart that beat in fond anxiety

When Victory's wings brushed by Defeat—now triumphing
with me.

The gallant stand our rivals made we shall not soon forget,
The cheer we gave them on the field rings in my memory
yet.

Right royally they sent it back, and in its hearty ring
Was highest tribute to success—defeat had left no sting!

Montreal.

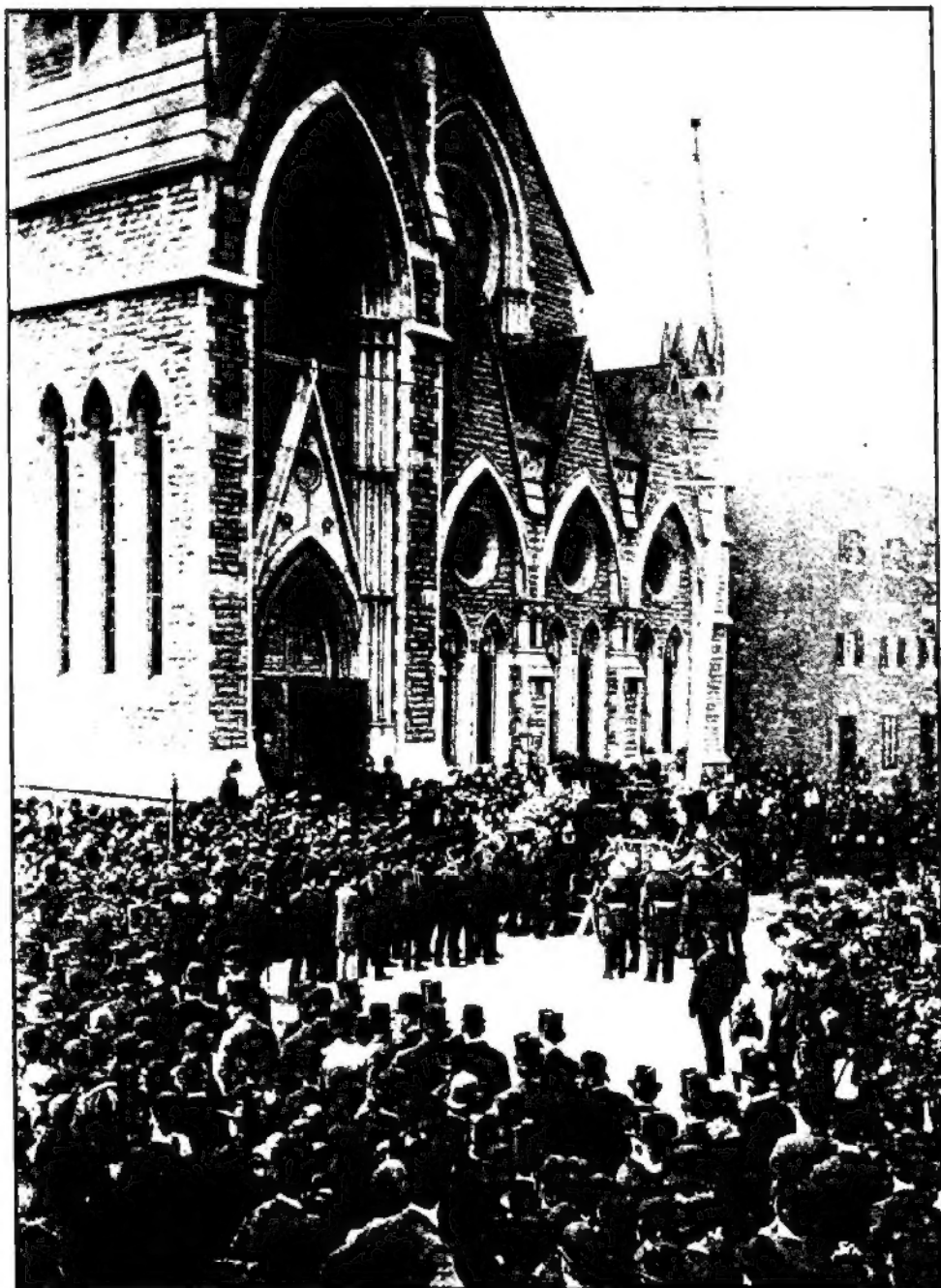
SAMUEL M. BAYLIS.

HONOURING DEAD ARTISTS.

At the banquet of the Royal Academy Sir F. Leighton, Bart., the president, made the following reference to mem-
bers who had passed away during the last twelve months,
including in the honorary list the artist-poet, Browning:—

This year the call from which there was no appeal has
been heard twice within our active ranks, once within those
of our honorary members. The first to fall away from
them left a void not easily filled in the number, too small
already, of our engravers. To his gifts as an artist was
added a most kindly nature, and his friends will long miss
the gentle and courteous companionship of Thomas Oldham
Barlow. (Hear, hear.) Our latest loss was sustained in
the person of a veteran who in the days of his prime held
and deserved a conspicuous position; an artist whose aspira-
tions were ever high and who never paltered with his
beliefs. Hand and eye paid, no doubt, in the days of his
advanced age their necessary debt to un pitying Time; but
in elevation of aim and singleness of purpose J. Rogers
Herbert was true to himself to the end. (Hear, hear.)
The third loss we deplore robs not us only; in it a nation,
a generation, a literature are the poorer. It is for others
more fit than I am to gauge the depth and range of genius
of the great deliver in human souls who now sleeps by
Chaucer and Dryden; but may I not say this—that by his
loss the pulse and temperature of English verse seem in
some sensible degree lowered? For surely in our gen-
eration no such white heat has faded into ashes as that
which burns no more in the breast of Robert Browning.
(Hear, hear.) But whilst I record with sorrow that his seat
here will know him no longer, I rejoice to be able to an-
nounce that the honorary office he held among us will be
henceforth filled by a man widely known and as widely
esteemed, to whose insight and magnificent energy this
country owes, among other things, the priceless samples of
Assyrian art which are the boast of our famous museum in
Bloomsbury—Sir H. Austen Layard. (Cheers.) Gentle-
men, these walls on which are presented to you to-day
some fruits of this year's labour in English art were bright
some months ago with the works of artists long since
passed away. In this array Spain and the Low Countries
played a magnificent part; but the art of our own country
contributed also its large and honourable share. One
room, indeed, in which had been seen but recently a re-
markable display of plastic work of the Italian Renaissance,
revealed in a most impressive manner—I fear that to many
it was a revelation—the genius of a great English designer,
who was filled full with the spirit of that supreme period of
Italian art, and in whom was seen much of the versatility
of his great predecessor—Alfred Stevens. We saw,
among other examples of his power, the sketch model of
the first monument that has in this country issued from
English hands—the monument erected in St. Paul's to the
great Duke of Wellington; and in those who are careful
of the honour of English art a warm hope was once more
kindled, that this great work, no longer stowed away un-
finished and uncrowned, thrust aside in a chapel where it
cannot be duly seen, may some day soar in completed
beauty under the arch and on the spot which it was de-
signed to enrich. But there is, to my thinking, another
and peculiar significance in this gathering of some of
Stevens's principal designs, and it attaches to the illus-
tration they furnished of the employment of the highest
gifts in the production of objects of common use, and the
witness borne in every touch of his hand to this great
cardinal truth—that all art is one. (Cheers.) And the
sight of the works of a great English artist, thus momen-
tarily, many of them, emerging from oblivion, had yet a
further lesson; it shargened in many minds a conscious-
ness which has long been gaining strength, and is now on
many sides finding articulate expres-ion—the consciousness
that England possesses no great gallery specially devoted
to the achievements of native art in all its manifestations.
(Hear, hear.) Does a foreigner desire to learn what is the
condition of modern art down to the present day among
our great neighbours in France or Germany, magnificent
galleries stand open where he can see, study and admire.
Shall we alone be content that no such monument of the
manifold energy of living art in our country be found
among us? Gentlemen, the absence of such a witness to
our artistic life is a reproach which should not be longer
suffered. The time is ripe; I cannot doubt that action is
at hand. What form that action may take I cannot prophe-
sy; this only I think may be foreseen—that whatever
is achieved will be in a large measure promoted, as are
most great things amongst us, by the munificence of in-
dividual Englishmen; and I ask you as I sit down to share
with me not only the hope but the faith that the year which
lies before us may see the inception of a scheme which
shall ripen in due time and bear fruit to the honour of
British patriotism and of British art. (Loud cheers.)

The famous old mountain fortress of Asirgarh, which
was formerly regarded as one of the principal defences of
Central India, is about to be dismantled. It stands on the
summit of an almost inaccessible mountain, and has many
interesting historical associations.



FUNERAL OF THE LATE SUB-CHIEF McCULLOCH,
AT ST. STEPHEN'S CHURCH, MONTREAL.

HERE AND THERE.

Sir James Hector, New Zealand's foremost Scientist, has been deploring what he describes as "the perfect athletic mania which has arisen in the Australias." To be a hero in the Colonies now, he says, you must excel not in brain work, but in the training of the muscles of the arms and legs.

There has been of late years somewhat of a revolution in the idea of how foreign mission work should be handled. The earlier idea was that the heathen should be preached to. Whatever success may have attended this method, it was certainly not sufficient to prevent the inquiry whether the same expenditure might not be more telling if directed in some different channel. It then began to be seen that the effects of a large part of a lifetime spent in heathenism could not be wholly rooted out, and that a wiser plan was to begin at the beginning of the lives to be converted. This has led to the vast upgrowth of the educational system in foreign missions. — *Rev. D. M. Bates.*

The theatres of Japan begin in the morning and last until sundown. The audiences sit on the floor, and the people are as much affected as children by the plays. Whole families come and spend the entire day in the theatre. Some of them bring their provisions with them, and others have them served from the neighbouring tea-houses. In some theatres, when a person wishes to leave the hall and come back again, he is not given a return check, as with us. There is no passing of your ticket to newsboys in Japan. The door-keeper takes hold of the right hand of the man going out and stamps on his wrist the mark of the theatre. When the play-goer

returns, he presents his wrist, the seal of the theatre is shown, and he is admitted.

Dr. Liddon is the author of the following: Burke has shown how various attitudes of the human body correspond to, or are inconsistent with, deep emotions of the human soul. You cannot, for instance, sit lolling back in an arm chair with your mouth wide open, and feel a warm glow of indignation; and, if you or I were introduced suddenly into the presence of the Queen, we should not keep our hats on and sit down with our hands in our pockets, on the ground that the genuine sentiment of loyalty is quite independent of its outward expression. And if people come to church and sit and talk and look about them while prayers are being addressed to the Infinite and Eternal Being, it is not because they are so very, very spiritual as to be able to do without any outward forms. They really do not kneel because they do not with the eye of their souls see Him, the sight of whom awes first the soul and then the body into profoundest reverence. After all, there is nothing very spiritual, as some people seem to think, in the practice of outward irreverence. Church rules on the subject are but the natural outcome of deep interest of the soul of man when it is confronted by the greatness of its Maker and its Redeemer.

A DISTINGUISHED CRITIC.

M. Armand de Pontmartin, one of the oldest and best French critics, died a few weeks ago at Avignon, where he was born in 1811. He was a staunch Roman Catholic and Legitimist, and started as a journalist in 1833. For the last twenty-three years he was feuilletonist to the *Gazette de France*, and many of his 1,500 articles in that paper have been reprinted in

volumes. He was a caustic but not usually an unfair critic. He had an aversion for George Sand, Ste-Beuve, Balzac, and latterly Zola. He firmly declined a seat in the Academy.

HUMOUROUS.

IT is hard on a young man to spend three months deciding which of two girls he will choose for his wife, and then to find out when he proposes that neither of them will have him.

JUDGE: How did you come to rob this man in broad daylight on a frequented thoroughfare? Highwayman: I couldn't help it, Judge; I had an engagement for every night of that week.

LITTLE JANET the other day was eating at the tea-table when she suddenly burst into tears. "What is the matter, Janet?" inquired her mother. "Oh," sobbed Janet, when she had recovered a little, "my teeth stepped on my tongue."

JOHNNIE: You've got a cold in your head, have you? Cholly (calling on Johnnie's sister): Yes, a very bad cold. Johnnie: Then sister was wrong. Cholly: Wrong in what? Johnnie: She said you hadn't anything in your head at all.

"WHAT are these, John?" inquired an affected and languid hostess at a dinner-party she was giving, as John, an untutored stable-help who had been brought in on emergency to assist, tremblingly thrust forward a dish of tartlets just under her right elbow. "I don't know, ma'am, really," he replied; "but I think they're tuppence apiece!"

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HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

All even numbered sections, excepting 8 and 20, are open for homestead and pre-emption entry.

ENTRY.

Entry may be made personally at the local land office in which the land to be taken is situate, or if the homesteader desires, he may, on application to the Minister of the Interior, Ottawa, or the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, receive authority for some one near the local office to make the entry for him.

DUTIES.

Under the present law homestead duties may be performed in three ways:

1. Three years' cultivation and residence, during which period the settler may not be absent for more than six months in any one year without forfeiting the entry.

2. Residence for three years within two miles of the homestead quarter section and afterwards next prior to application for patent, residing for 3 months in a habitable house erected upon it. Ten acres must be broken the first year after entry, 15 acres additional in the second, and 15 in the third year; 10 acres to be in crop the second year, and 25 acres the third year.

3. A settler may reside anywhere for the first two years, in the first year breaking 5 acres, in the second, cropping said 5 acres and breaking additional 10 acres, also building a habitable house. The entry is forfeited if residence is not commenced at the expiration of two years from date of entry. Thereafter the settler must reside upon and cultivate his homestead for at least six months in each year for three years.

APPLICATION FOR PATENT

may be made before the local agent, any homestead inspector, or the intelligence officer at Medicine Hat or Qu'Appelle Station.

Six months' notice must be given in writing to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands by a settler of his intention prior to making application for patent.

Intelligence offices are situate at Winnipeg, Qu'Appelle Station and Medicine Hat. Newly arrived immigrants will receive, at any of these offices, information as to the lands that are open for entry, and from the officers in charge, free of expense, advice and assistance in securing lands to suit them.

A SECOND HOMESTEAD

may be taken by any one who has received a homestead patent or a certificate of recommendation, countersigned by the Commissioner of Dominion Lands, upon application for patent made by him prior to the second day of June, 1887.

All communications having reference to lands under control of the Dominion Government, lying between the eastern boundary of Manitoba and the Pacific Coast, should be addressed to the Secretary of the Department of the Interior, Ottawa, or to H. H. Smith, Commissioner of Dominion Lands, Winnipeg, Manitoba.

A. M. BURGESS,
Deputy Minister of the Interior.

Department of the Interior,
Ottawa, Sept. 2, 1880.